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WFB ON K. GALBRAITH

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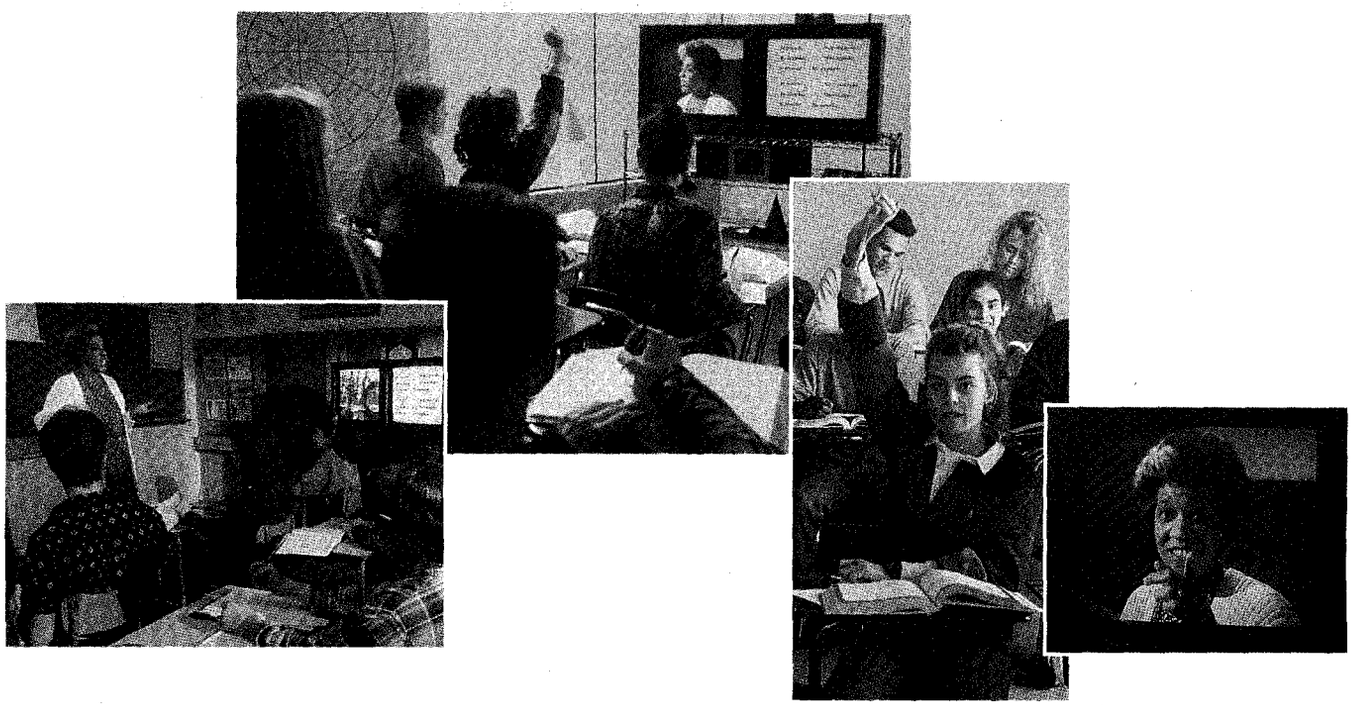

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JULY 20, 1992 VOL. XLIV, NO. 14

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LETTERS

Counterfeit Cases

Leon Scully has demonstrated that one of the Supreme Court's most important constitutional decisions, the extension of the exclusionary rule to the states, was made in a "counterfeit" case, *Mapp* v. *Ohio* ["Civil Wrongs," May 25]. I assume his forthcoming book, *The Counterfeit Constitution*, will show that this is hardly a unique situation.

Indeed, *Marbury* v. *Madison*, the case that established judicial review, was probably a set-up. Chief Justice John Marshall first manufactured a statute for the purpose of holding it unconstitutional and then manufactured a preposterous objection to the non-statute in order to carry out his purpose.

Marshall's party, the Federalists, had just been rejected for the Presidency and both houses of Congress. Its only hope of retaining political power was in a politicized judiciary removed from popular control. In *Marbury*, Marshall, through egregious misbehavior such as has characterized the Court's major constitutional decisions, seized for the Court a power the Constitution does not clearly grant. The result has been a vitiating defect in American government: policy-making by unelected officials holding office for life. The ludicrous exclusionary rule is a product of this defect, as used by doctrinaire, liberal ideologues.

Lino A. Graglia
Professor of Law
University of Texas
Austin, Tex.

Leon Scully closed a good article with an unfortunate non-sequitur. The last sentence blasted the so-called exclusionary rule, without addressing its merits, i.e., whether that rule is a necessary corollary of the Fourth Amendment's protection against unreasonable searches and seizures. To prove that the Supreme Court was misled in the oral arguments or legal briefs in a particular case says nothing about the merits of the legal *principle* announced in that case. It only shows that that principle, if it has any merit at all, should have been declared in a more appropriate setting.

The last sentence *implied* that the exclusionary rule has no constitutional basis because prosecutors might lose their cases against robbers, rapists, and murderers. But that "argument" is exactly the type of result-oriented advocacy that most conservative legal scholars have rightly condemned over the years.

Timothy Lynch
Cato Institute
Washington, D.C.

If counterfeit cases are "hardly a unique situation in constitutional law," as Professor Graglia asserts, why has no one come forward? Marbury *v.* Madison, *"probably a set-up," falls short of the mark.* Robinson *v.* California *and* Malloy *v.* Hogan *both are more apt. All appeals in death-penalthy cases flow through the former, and upon the latter rests the* Miranda *rule. The point of the article is not that* Mapp *v.* Ohio *was wrongly decided, but that it was a sham. The same is true of* Weeks *v.* United States. *The 1914 Court which created the exlusionary rule was by no means composed of "doctrinaire, liberal ideologues"; they were misled by a fictitious scenario concocted to resemble that in another case politically embarrassing to Progressive politicians. Opponents of the exclusionary rule were not out-argued, they were cheated.* —LS

Uno Poco Error

L. Francis Bouchey errs slightly in stating that unemployment insurance and retirement plans in Argentina have been privatized ["Don't Cry for Argentina," May 25]. In fact, in September 1991, the Argentine government created a new unemployment insurance program under the auspices of the National Employment Fund. The new Fund is financed in part by a payroll tax of 1 per cent of earnings payable by both the employee and the employer.

With respect to the privatization of the retirement program along the lines of the Chilean model, as of June 2, 1992, the Menem government's proposed legislation to create such a program had yet to be approved by parliament. If approved, the system, based on individual capitalization accounts, will function as a second tier to the traditional social-insurance program. The current proposal would require each worker under age 45 to pay 10 per cent of earnings into a personal investment account by a for-profit pension-fund management company chosen by the worker.

To spur parliament to approve the privatization proposal, President Menem recently promised to increase social-security benefits, which average about $200 a month, by a whopping 82 per cent. The increase would be financed by the sale of the Argentine national oil monopoly, which is valued at about $8 billion.

G. Ricardo Campbell
Department of Health & Human Services
Baltimore, Md.

L. Francis Bouchey's article reads more like a PR puff piece than a serious analysis of Argentina's reforms. President Menem has fallen into the trap of keeping the Argentine peso stronger than the dollar. Tight control of the money supply has produced an overvalued currency, overvalued companies, and speculation schemes reminiscent of the *plata dulce* (sweet money) period whose collapse a decade ago spawned a wave of hyperinflation.

It could all happen again. Menem is being pressured by Peronist-party advisors to sack Economy Minister Domingo Cavallo, a non-Peronist and the architect of Argentina's successful reforms. If Menem fires Cavallo, international support will ebb.

Cavallo is concerned that influence peddling by Menem insiders could damage Argentina's reputation in the financial community. The president's brother, Munir Menem, has been investigated for helping Syrian arms dealer Mansour Al Kassar obtain an Argentine passport. Investigators have linked Al Kassar to terrorists responsible for the bombings of Pan Am Flight 201 and the Israeli Embassy in Buenos Aires.

Menem wants to amend the constitution to seek a second term in 1995. But Menem's handlers see Cavallo as a presidential threat. Argentina's reforms won't stick unless Menem stops thinking dynasty and starts reconciling his differences with Cavallo and the opposition Radical Party. Mr. Bouchey failed to tell us that.

Eric Ehrmann
Charlottesville, Va.

Thanks, Mr. Campbell. Given the pace of change in Argentina, the arcane structures of social insurance, and my limitations of space, it is a compliment to learn I erred only slightly. Thanks also to Mr. Ehrmann for reminding me of the next article I need to write. —LFB

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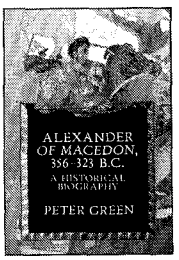

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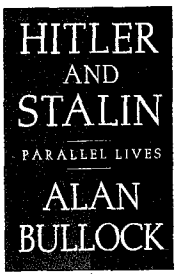

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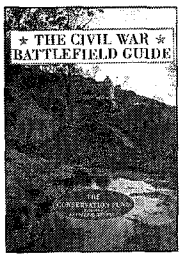

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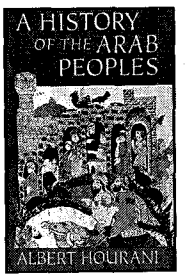

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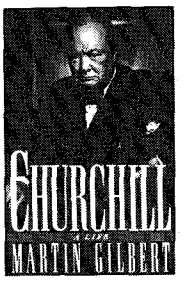

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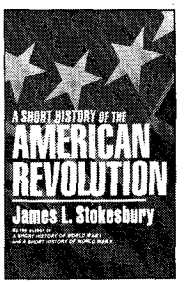

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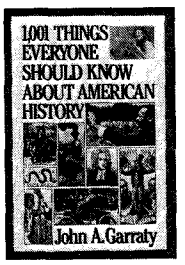

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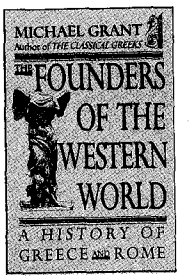

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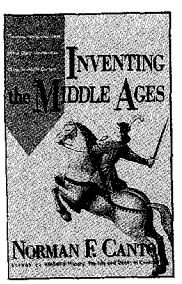

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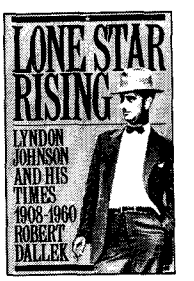

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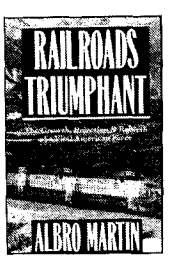

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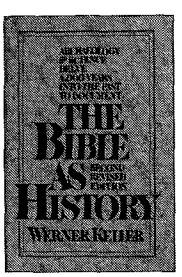

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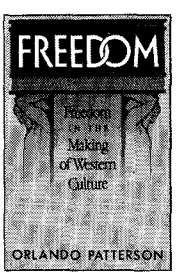

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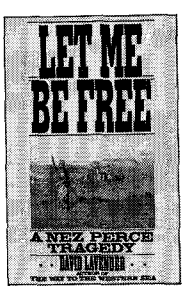

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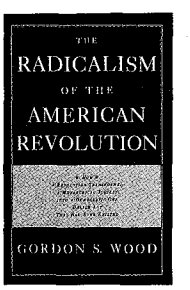

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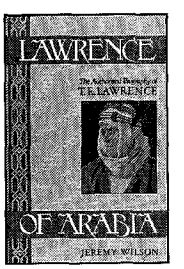

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FROM THE EDITOR

Shocked? I Almost Woke Up

■ Last week, I was a guest at the News Corporation's annual management seminar at Aspen, innocently taking part in a symposium on popular culture and democratic capitalism, when a man suddenly appeared on stage, took off his clothes, stood there briefly, dressed again, and departed.

I cannot say I enjoyed the entertainment. In strip-tease as in all else, I am a "traditional values" man. I prefer it to be performed by girls.

And what had it to do with our topic? There was nothing democratic about it: we had not voted for it. Nor, to judge from the uneasy giggling, was it very popular. Since our host, Rupert Murdoch, later fired the executive responsible, it was presumably not an expression of capitalism either. So I suppose it must have been culture. Even high culture. It was as bad as that.

Culture had already had a bad morning. Irving Kristol thought it needed a little local censorship. I responded that censorship was a beautiful ideal, but impractical: we should content ourselves with such devices as "warning labels" on rap records. And Michael Medved charged that Hollywood films increasingly embodied values hostile to American civilization.

Not all of this was well received. Some film and television executives present felt themselves under attack. Their champion was Steve Chao, the head of Fox Television, who argued that television was already censored by industry rules and pressure groups.

It was when he embarked on a general defense of free expression, however, that the cabaret began. At the time I took it to be an illustration of the thesis that nudity, sex, etc., had a one-time shock value but soon ceased to arouse notice, let alone indignation.

If that *was* his thesis, it was presumably disproved by his firing. But did Mr. Chao have a thesis? For, as Mr. Medved pointed out, the strip act undermined his other argument that popular choice should determine the content of culture. The audience had been given no choice on this occasion.

And the "shock" thesis is, at best, half-true. Nudity does eventually fail to shock. But when that happens, the desire to shock presses ahead into new territory: religion (crucifixes in urine), sado-masochism (Mapplethorpe's bullwhip photograph), etc.

My own guess is that Mr. Chao was seeking to achieve a shock effect by placing nudity in a new context: that of the intellectual seminar. He would wake up these "prominent neoconservative intellectuals" (*Los Angeles Times*) by confronting them with a real-life subject of their analytical categorizing. But "Nudity among the Neoconservatives" was always bound to be poor box office.

In *Inside the Whale*, Orwell argued that the reaction of educated people to obscenity was a refusal to be impressed. That has since hardened into fixed resolution. Show a small-town audience a mother eating her newborn baby, and it reacts as dispassionately as a Freudian psychoanalyst.

Shock is subject to the law of diminishing returns: the harder you shock, the less shocked people are. In the process, however, culture is distorted and morality overawed by a kind of blasé nihilism.

The late A. P. Herbert once wrote:

As my poor father used to say,
In 1863,
Once people start on all this Art,
Good-bye, moralitee.
And what my father used to say
Is good enough for me.

Herbert was, of course, satirizing the provincial mayors and maiden aunts who were the censors in those innocent days and who would close down a play at the merest hint of laxity.

It is the achievement of the "arts community" in our day to have made them seem reasonable—and Mr. Chao old hat.

But he will be back.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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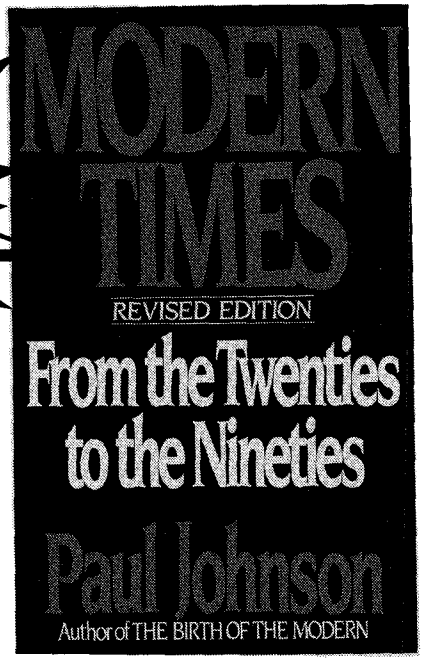

Paul Johnson rescues the 1980s from the liberals

Ronald Reagan was barely out of the office before the liberals got busy. The 80s are now remembered, not as the longest period of growth in our nation's history, but as the sleazy "Decade of Greed."

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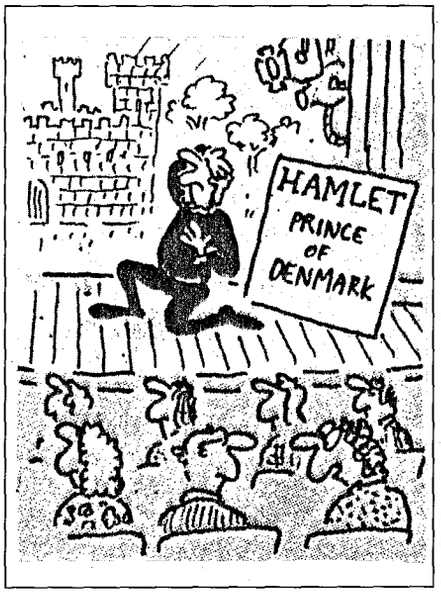
FOR THE RECORD

■ Has **Ross Perot** peaked? In *Washington Post*/ABC News poll in early June he garnered 36 per cent support, versus 30 per cent for **George Bush** and 26 per cent for **Bill Clinton**. But late June *WP*/ABC poll shows Clinton ahead, with 33, versus 31 for Perot and 28 for Bush. . . . In mid-June poll conducted by Times Mirror Center for the People and the Press, General **Norman Schwarzkopf**—who is not a candidate—did better than Perot. This result, Times Mirror opined, shows "a yearning for a non-political alternative." . . . Over 75 per cent of network coverage of Perot has been favorable, but print media are more skeptical. *New York Times* has been unfavorable from the start; now *New York Daily News* has led off an editorial on Perot's complaints of Bush's criticism with "Listen up and stop whining, Perot." It went on to quote University of Texas political scientist **Walter Dean Burnham** as calling Perot "a great big gasbag." . . . **David Broder** saw Perot's call-in TV shows as an end run around a threatening establishment press, including his own *Washington Post*. "More and more people are beginning to see us as 'insiders,'" he admitted, "preoccupied with the gossip and maneuvers of the politicians we have come to know only too well." . . . **Paul Tsongas** piped up with sage advice: "It's up to him from now on to see if his peak continues or if he goes into a slow decline."

■ In run-up to Democratic Convention, Clinton forces are bound to be cheered by that *WP*/ABC poll. Their campaign is in deep financial trouble, with debts totalling almost $4 million at last tally. Of that debt, Democratic strategist **Michael Berman** had said: "This is a three-way race, and while there's a lot of potential there for Clinton, the average donor doesn't see it that way." . . . Clinton's new life in polls is attributed to favorable response to his economic plan—*WP*/ABC found that 51 per cent who were familiar with the plan approve of it—and to his attack on **Sister Souljah**. . . . Political gossip centers on his choice of a running-mate. Clinton, reports **Jeffrey H. Birnbaum** of the *Wall Street Journal*, has narrowed choice to four: Sens. **Al Gore** (Tenn.), **Harris Wofford** (Pa.), and **Robert Kerrey** (Neb.), and Rep. **Lee Hamilton** (Ind.). . . . With N.Y. Gov. **Mario Cuomo** no longer in the running for second spot, recent Supreme Court rulings give strength to Clinton's hinting that he has other plans for Cuomo, like a seat on Supreme Court: "He is a legal scholar who also understands the impact of the law on real people's lives."

■ Clinton's state of Arkansas has never elected a Republican senator; radio and TV broadcaster **Mike Huckabee** is looking to be the first. He is challenging three-term liberal Democrat **Dale Bumpers** (lifetime ACU rating: 18). Huckabee, two-time president of Arkansas Baptist Convention, is running a grass-roots campaign against Bumpers's $1-million warchest. . . . Redistricting has opened a House contest in eastern Ohio between GOP pro-lifer **Margaret Mueller**, who won an uphill primary battle, and **Sherrod Brown,** fervently pro-abortion veteran Democratic politician. Says Mrs. Mueller: "He's 39 and from Yale. I'm 62 and from Smith. I'd say it's an even match." . . . Departures from House hit 75 with retirement announcements by **Robin Tallon** (D., S.C.), **Henry Nowak** (D., N.Y.), and **Frank Horton** (R., N.Y.). Capitol Hill twice-weekly *Roll Call* gives the scorecard: 50 congressmen are retiring, 12 have lost primaries, 10 are seeking other offices, and 3 have failed in Senate bids. . . . The liberal Horton—ranking Republican on Government Operations Committee—is the eighth ranking Republican to depart. Others include **William Broomfield** (Mich.) of Foreign Affairs and **William Dickinson** (Ala.) of Armed Services.



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"In this version he can't decide whether to ratify the Maastricht Treaty."

■ United Nations' attempt to restore peace in Cambodia, where the Khmer Rouge leader **Pol Pot** slaughtered one million of his countrymen, is running into trouble. Khmer Rouge refuse to give up weapons or admit UN forces to the territory they control along the Thai frontier. They are planting more landmines in the most heavily mined country in the world—one of every 85 Cambodians has lost a limb by stepping on a mine. . . . Armenia has an American foreign minister, **Raffi Ovanesian**, originally of Fresno, Calif., who is largely credited for the fact that Armenia is now recognized as an independent state by almost 100 countries and granted full diplomatic relations by 37. Armenian government is poor, however: Ovanesian's ministry is forced to issue press memos on the back side of Communist Party stationery headed "Workers of the World Unite!" . . . In **Fidel Castro**'s Cuba, poverty is worse, owing to end of Russian aid. Pinar del Rio Province will soon issue a cookbook of recipes featuring weeds and roots.

■ In London, Eurolesbians and Eurogays demonstrated to force the European Community to make the age of consent for homosexuals the same throughout Europe. It's 16 for heterosex in Britain, but 21 for gay sex—this is "un-European," demonstrators say. After all, in Germany gays have to be only 18; in Holland, 16; and in France, 15.

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GOD AND THE INTELLECTUALS

Among the well-educated the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted, unlettered, and irrational, that the price of salvation is checking your mind at the Pearly Gates. Yet, from Harvard to Berkeley, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely the result of the failure of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, rationalism, hedonism, consumerism, technological utopianism, Freudianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: evil, goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

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An ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively," by the *Los Angeles Times* as "influential," by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky," by *Utne Reader* as "surprisingly original," by *Library Journal* as "brilliant," and by Christopher Derrick, England's foremost Catholic apologist, as "by far the best Catholic magazine in the English-speaking world."

We publish Protestants, Catholics, Anglicans, Eastern Orthodox, Jews, and an occasional nonbeliever. Writers who've appeared in our pages include such diversely penetrating intellects as Robert Bellah, Christopher Lasch, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Daniel Bell, Robert Coles, Irving Howe, Walker Percy, Norman Lear, John Lukacs, J.M. Cameron, Henri Nouwen, Avery Dulles, Gordon Zahn, Will Campbell, Stanley Hauerwas, Richard Mouw, and Sheldon Vanauken. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy ideological pigeonholing. We'll keep you on your toes!

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ation of the religious dimensions of our lives and our world, we invite you to get to know us.

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THE WEEK

■ A new *Washington Post*/ABC News poll shows Bill Clinton (33 per cent) leading both Ross Perot (31) and George Bush (28). The first step this year is to throw the election into the House. Then we only have to figure out what to throw the House into.

■ Leave it to Dick Armey to shake things up again. Over the past two years, as co-chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, Representative Armey (R., Tex.) has exposed the Democratic-controlled Congress's fraudulent use of statistics to obscure the success of the Reagan revolution. Now Armey has announced that he will run for the GOP House leadership; specifically, the position of conference chairman currently held by Representative Jerry Lewis (R., Calif.). Lewis reacted to this challenge by attempting to put through an amendment on legislative appropriations that would cut the funding of Armey's committee by a third. And though the conference's job is to highlight party differences, Chairman Lewis told *Congressional Quarterly* that "the leadership has got to be made up of people who can reach across the aisle, not just in one direction"—a sentiment that we somehow never hear from the Democratic leaders.

■ With House approval (350 to 8) this week, the Social Security Administration is a Senate vote away from becoming a separate agency, independent of the Department of Health and Human Services. It would then be the largest agency in government, with an annual budget of $300 billion. Always a sacred cow, it would graze at will in its own pasture. One purpose of the scheme is to give its chief architect, Senator Moynihan, and his Democratic colleagues a greater say in SSA policy by creating a bi-partisan panel to oversee its operations. Gwendolyn King, Bush's Commissioner, has already liberalized eligibility rules, and payments are at record levels, but Democrats fear that future commissioners might not be so obliging. Hapless Republicans go along, unwilling to risk the wrath of the Social Security lobby. The President has threatened a veto, but no one expects it in an election year. HHS Secretary Dr. Louis Sullivan, who stands to lose 60 per cent of his budget and staff, has been begging lawmakers not to dismember his department. To no avail. A bitter pill for the Doc, who, like Miss King, has made appeasing Democrats his top priority, and is now justly punished.

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"This is an entirely new type of poll, sir. Alone in the privacy of the booth, who, strictly between you and me, will you really be voting for?"

■ The problem with "hate crime" laws of the sort unanimously struck down by the Supreme Court is not merely that they are blatantly unconstitutional but also that they are blatantly unnecessary. Virtually all such crimes, however defined, are easily prosecuted under more traditional laws relating to trespass, assault, property destruction, or terrorism. Indeed, prosecution under these laws is immensely easier since they are satisfied by proof that the perpetrator intended to commit the crime. They require no proof that he harbored latent feelings of prejudice toward Asian-Americans or that he was hostile to blacks or Hispanics. The principal impetus for "hate crime" laws is not to close some gap in the law through which criminals are escaping. Rather, it is to impose contemporary notions of civil rights more fully upon the criminal-justice system. It is yet another sign of the decline of our political institutions that such illusory measures as "hate crime" laws should be in vogue when there is such abundant evidence of the government's inability to grapple with real crimes. That the latter are disproportionately committed against minorities merely adds to the tragic irony.

■ Who would pay $6,000 for a document on Worcestershire sauce? You, dummy! According to Martin L. Gross, in *The Government Racket: Washington Waste from A to Z*, you also paid $107,000 to study the sex life of the Japanese quail. You shelled out $320,000 to buy President McKinley's mother-in-law's house. You forked over $2 million to build an ancient Hawaiian canoe. You blew $2.7 million for a catfish farm in Arkansas. You dropped $6.4 million on a Bavarian ski lodge in Idaho. You invested $19 million in a study of cow flatulence. And this, says Mr. Gross, is just a sampling. No wonder you're trillions of dollars in debt.

■ Oh, and you're still paying Jim Wright's salary. Yes, thanks to the Office of Former Speakers, Mr.

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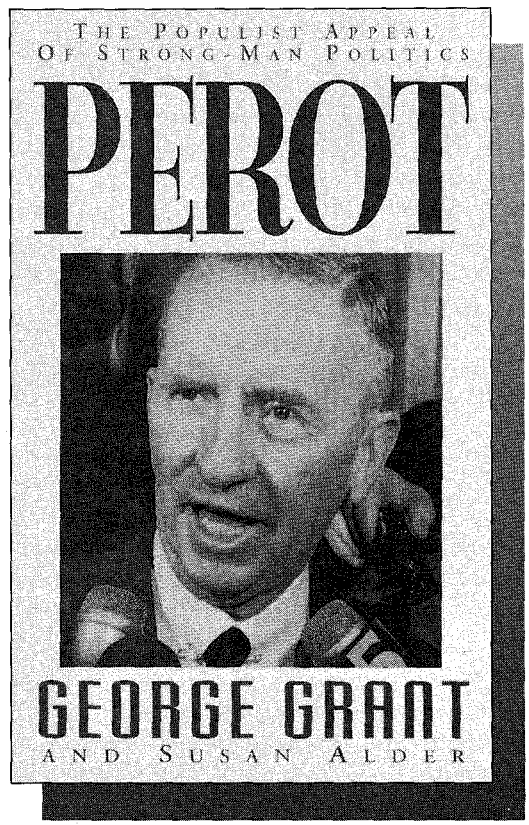
ROSS PEROT.
Problem or Solution?

H. Ross Perot has changed American politics. Perhaps forever.

- Just who is this billionaire who wants to be president?
- Why have so many conservatives become increasingly alarmed by his positions on abortion, family values, raising taxes, and constitutional freedoms?
- Why are so many corporate leaders concerned about his past business dealings?
- What makes his bi-partisan can-do candidacy so attractive to ordinary hardworking citizens from every walk of life?

PEROT: THE POPULIST APPEAL OF STRONGMAN POLITICS is an explosive and timely book bringing together an amazing array of research to explain the surging Perot phenomenon. In addition, authors George Grant and Susan Alder expose the zealous and seemingly issueless Perot agenda.

Their incisive analysis cuts to the heart of what could very well be the most significant development in American politics since the experiment in liberty began two centuries ago.



"Anyone considering voting for Ross Perot should read this book. It will change some minds!"
Geoffrey Morris
National Review

"If this book gets the circulation it deserves, Ross Perot will no longer be America's blind date."
Thomas L. Jipping, J.D.
Center for Law & Democracy
Free Congress Foundation

"*Perot* is the factual, eye-opening account the American people need. Neither gloss nor assassination, this is a fascinating, clear-eyed look at Ross Perot and what makes him run."
Marlin Maddoux
"Point of View"Radio Talk Show

"George Grant has one of the furthest-reaching minds in the Christian literary universe of our day. His knowledge is of extraordinary depth, and . . . brings oft'times brilliant insight to the great crises of our day."
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"Pity the target of a George Grant book or article. This unlucky one's every weakness will be relentlessly probed and exposed. His character and intellect will be studiously measured against Grant's eloquent and constructive insights into conservative standards and traditions."
Tom Atwood
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"George Grant and Susan Adler write judiciously about urgent concerns surrounding the Perot candidacy and the state of American democracy. Moving beyond sound-bite analysis, they offer a timely critique of what a Perot presidency might bring."
Michael Cromartie
Ethics and Public Policy Center

"George Grant and Susan Alder's exploration of who Ross Perot is and what he stands for arrives at a crucial time in American politics. It is critical that people take a close look at this presidential hopeful about whom so little is known. This book is the place to start."
Beverly LaHaye
Concerned Women for America

PEROT is available at bookstores nationwide. Or, call toll-free at **1-800-662-8629** and charge to your MasterCard or Visa ($8.95 plus $2.50 postage & handling). You may also order by mail by sending check, money order, or credit card information to: **ADROIT PRESS, Box 680365, Franklin, TN 37068.**

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Wright enjoys a staff of three, including an administrative assistant (at up to $96,000 a year), plus two secretaries, plus an annual $67,000 for paper clips and things. There's no such thing as a free congressional retirement.

■ Professor George Bush has apparently concluded, based on his study of election-year economics, that Alan Greenspan's Fed isn't doing enough to lower interest rates and thus get the country moving again. Long-term interest rates have indeed stayed stubbornly in the 7 to 8 per cent range, dwarfing both inflation and short-term rates. But Dr. Bush forgets that long-term rates are set by market forces, not the Fed. If Mr. Greenspan were to act on the President's analysis by pumping up the money supply, long-term rates would rise in lock-step with inflation expectations, producing no net stimulus but plenty of inflation and, in all likelihood, another stock-market crash. Consumers will not borrow, nor businesses invest, as long as they expect interest rates to continue falling. What the economy now needs, as David Ranson pointed out in H. C. Wainwright's bulletin, is a period of interest-rate stability. And Professor Bush need not apply for any Nobel Prizes.

■ Conservatives can look to California for an adrenalin charge, courtesy of Bruce Herschensohn, the GOP nominee to fill Alan Cranston's Senate seat. As a TV commentator, Herschensohn was Southern California's spokesman for the Right; in the Senate he would become a national voice for undiluted conservatism, his influence magnified by the fact that he hails from the largest state. He is one Republican who would not shrink from calling the Bush Administration (if there still is one) to account. For a timid, poll-tailored agenda, look elsewhere. Herschensohn is pro-life. He favors a (low) flat tax, denounces the new quota law, opposes defense cuts, and would abolish the EPA and the Departments of Education and Energy. The general election will pit him against Bay Area Representative Barbara Boxer, a walking time capsule of Sixties enthusiasms; establishing a National Endowment for the Homeless is one of her priorities. Nowhere in the nation will voters have a more dramatic choice. Herschensohn has already performed signal service, however, by hoisting bold colors of conviction at a time when the GOP is crowded with opportunists flying pale pastels.

■ Glorious Johnson, a young, conservative, black woman, has learned the lesson of 1990s New York GOP politics: Pro-lifers need not apply. Early this month Mrs. Johnson became the Right to Life Party candidate for a state Assembly seat in Harlem, and on the advice of enthusiastic black Republican leaders sought the GOP's endorsement. Her initial talks with party leaders went well, and aides to State Senator Roy Goodman, the liberal New York County Republican chairman, were reported to be very high on her. But things went awry when Goodman discovered her pro-life views. Talk of an endorsement disappeared, and GOP leaders in Harlem U-turned, explaining that no party help was available for candidates whose views clash with the pro-choice stand of the New York Republican Party. This could prove a mistake. Milton Bins, chairman of the Council of 100, the prominent black Republican businessmen's group, is giving Mrs. Johnson his full support, and says he hopes to win endorsement and aid for her from the Council. "When we have a black American of the calibre of Mrs. Johnson, who has decided to take on the Democratic machine and create a two-party system, then we have the obligation to support her," says Bins. Otherwise the New York Republicans will be occupying an even smaller tent than they do today.

■ The American Bar Association and the Agency for International Development are linking arms to help the former Soviet republics set up legal systems and market economies. A new constitution for Armenia is already in the works. Don't be shocked at future news items about Eastern Europeans pining for the good old days of Stalin.

■ The Bush–Yeltsin summit in Washington was an undoubted success. But that success was marred by a bizarre document called "A Charter for American–Russian Partnership and Friendship," which reads like nothing other than a full-blown U.S.–Soviet communiqué from the old days, when the two superpowers felt obliged to address the range of topics on which their global policies impinged on each other. Now that post-Communist Russia has ostensibly repudiated most of its predecessor's foreign policies, we would have thought the best Russian posture from our point of view was a less-than-global role. We cannot believe the Ukrainians, Balts, Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, Slovaks, Japanese, Chinese, French, Germans, British, et al., are eager for Russia to be flaunting its global power again. Nor should the State Department be.

■ The Krasnoyarsk radar facility, abandoned when the Soviets finally admitted it broke the ABM treaty, is being converted to a furniture factory. SANE/Freeze has called for an immediate halt to U.S. furniture production lest we be trapped in a fruitless armchair race.

■ Yitzhak Rabin—contributor to *NR*'s Middle East Symposium last October—has won a stunning victory in Israel's general election. Defying most predictions, the voters repudiated Likud decisively and put Rabin's Labor Party in a position to govern with a

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choice of coalition partners. Rabin is no sentimental dove—he's as tough as they come on security matters—but he believes strongly and correctly that Israel's only hope for long-term peace and security lies in political solutions and territorial compromise. Rabin, a former ambassador in Washington who was prime minister in the days of Henry Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy, is a firm believer in working closely with the United States. He is likely to fuel the ongoing Israeli–Palestinian negotiations with new content, namely a more genuine willingness to share powers with an interim Palestinian self-governing authority in the occupied territories, at least those that serve no identifiable security purpose. Some U.S. guarantees for commercial loans to help settle Russian immigrants in Israel will certainly now be approved. Other potential results will be progress in the peace talks, a strengthening of the U.S. position in the Arab world, and a vindication of moderate Arab governments associated with us.

■ Dutch marines, conducting an unannounced raid on the Rotterdam railroad station to round up drug dealers and users, were arrested by police.

■ The real story in South Africa is not the township massacre (horrific, but no more so than the other eight thousand deaths over the last three years, in fighting between pro- and anti-ANC blacks), but the constitutional talks, the second round of which had taken place in May. Indeed, the massacre emphasizes the need, if South Africa is to have a future, for a political system that protects each of the many groups in the country—not just whites and Asians from a potentially tyrannical black regime, but also the various black tribes from their traditional tribal enemies. In the talks, President De Klerk is leaving the details open to negotiation, but he has stated a few principles that must be incorporated in a new constitution: universal franchise; separation of powers between the executive, legislative, and judicial branches; an "entrenched and justiciable" Bill of Rights; a bicameral legislature; a high percentage of votes required to amend the constitution in future; and a federal system, with strong regional and local structures. On the first several points, there is general agreement among the participants. (The Conservative Party, which resists the universal franchise, is not taking part.) The sticking points for Nelson Mandela are the last two. There is pressure on the American government from Mandela's followers here to pressure De Klerk to give way on these points. The massacre illustrates why our government should, and De Klerk's government will, resist these pressures.

■ In an article in *The American Lawyer*, reprinted in *Legal Times*, reporter Roger Parloff establishes that the Simi Valley jury may have been right after all. Rodney King led police on a chase at 100 mph on the freeway, 80 mph on city streets. His two passengers, who obeyed the police, were not mistreated. King began to cooperate, then shrugged off all four officers *and* a Taser electric stun dart; the officers understandably concluded he was on PCP. (Actually, he was highly intoxicated.) The video begins only after a second dart downed him. He continued to resist; the *prosecution* expert on excessive force did not fault Officer Powell for the next ten blows, including any that might have hit King's head (the defense made a good case that they didn't). The tape shows the police calibrating their use of force, hitting him only when he tried to get up, advanced on them again, or seemed to be reaching for a gun. Steven Brill, president and editor in chief of *The American Lawyer*, calls Parloff's "argument as strong as it is politically incorrect" and cheers the American justice system for giving a fair trial to men who had already been convicted in the media—and after the verdict were convicted by the media a second time. He also calls for immediate federal action to allow the retrial of officer Powell to be televised so that viewers who have only seen the most incriminating few seconds of video can see the case in perspective. We second the motion.

■ It is a striking feature of pro-abortion discourse that its advocates resist setting their case clearly before the public. They resist even using the word "abortion." In this respect an HBO movie this month is an almost baroque specimen of pro-abortion agitation. The *Washington Post* calls it "formidable," the *New York Times* "complicated," and *TV Guide* a "true story"; but the uncomplicated truth about the docudrama *A Private Matter* is that it is false in almost every detail. The heroine, Sherri Finkbine, played by Sissy Spacek, was hostess of the children's TV show *Romper Room*. In 1962, having discovered that the tranquilizer she had taken during pregnancy, Thalidomide, could cause birth defects in her unborn child, she decided to have an abortion. In the film, hostile reporters surround the Finkbine home, traumatizing the couple's little boy, and Mrs.

The Democrats Assemble

As Oscar Wilde observed, to be
The object of hyperbole
At tea or in the better clubs
Exceeds the bitter gall that rubs
On those not talked about at all,
As Clinton will confirm, come fall.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Finkbine is fired from her job. In fact, as she recounted in a 1963 article in *Redbook*, when reporters showed up in force, it was because Mrs. Finkbine had invited them. Her relationship with the press was friendly. And she was not fired, but continued to receive her paycheck throughout the affair. In the film, having been refused an abortion in Arizona, the Finkbines spend a lot of screen time suffering over what to do next. In reality the couple left immediately for Sweden, where the child was promptly aborted. The true story of Sherri Finkbine was complicated all right—a lot more so than HBO would have you believe—and formidable, as fiction.

■ You who procrastinate in paying your bills, pay attention. A Washington state man was late with his payment for storage room rental, and do you know what happened to *him*? They opened up the room and found the remains of his wife and two sons, missing for 12 years after they left him (he said at the time).

■ During the filming of *Malcolm X* (you've seen the hat, now catch the movie), Spike Lee visited South Africa—for no apparent reason, since Malcolm never went there. "When I was there I seriously wanted to pick up a gun and shoot whites," he recalls. Everybody seems to have the same idea these days. Just keep it up, Spike, and one night when you're not looking some white waiter in a fancy restaurant is going to spit in your soup.

■ Talk smut host Phil Donahue is thinking about a run for Congress in 1994. He'll fit right in.

The Borked Court

THE Supreme Court's deeply disappointing decisions on school prayer and abortion are notable victories for Senator Joseph Biden. Thanks to his efforts as Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, the appointment of Robert Bork to the High Court was defeated in 1987, and Anthony Kennedy was later appointed in his stead. Three years later, faced with the prospect of the Committee "Borking" candidates who had taken clear positions on constitutional issues of the time, President Bush was compelled to nominate a candidate who avoided expressing any views whatsoever, David Souter. While Justices Kennedy and Souter have proven generally to be conservative-minded members of the bench, they have also become object lessons in why the difference between the most distinguished nominees to the bench and those of more modest credentials is an important one.

Joined by Justice Sandra O'Connor, herself an object lesson in the subtly debilitating impact of affirmative action, they form the critical swing vote on the Supreme Court. None of them has shown any stomach for departing significantly from the precedents of the Warren and Burger Courts. In the school-prayer decision, the three Justices helped form a 5 to 4 majority for the proposition that virtually all forms of reverence to God at school graduation ceremonies were barred by the First Amendment of the Constitution. Not Catholic reverence or Baptist reverence, but reverence whose strongest terms were "O God, we are grateful to You for having endowed us with the capacity for learning, which we have celebrated at this joyous commencement."

To Justices Kennedy, Souter, and O'Connor, this constituted psychological "coercion" of non-believing students and their families to support and participate in religion. Such individuals were "pressured" into attending the ceremonies by virtue of the importance of the occasion. Justice Souter helpfully authored a separate opinion in which he joined forces with Hugo Black and William Douglas to argue that the First Amendment did not merely prohibit the state from preferring some religions to others but actually created barriers between the state and even the most remote support of religious values.

The majority opinion, while perhaps forming the foundation for some future multicultural and humanist Constitution, draws little upon the thinking of those who drafted our present Constitution. The loss of secular prayer on public occasions is not only the loss of yet one more American tradition but, as Justice Scalia observes, the loss of a "unifying mechanism" in American life. As with the loss of other forms of school prayer over the past three decades, the impact of the latest loss will be subtle but it will be felt everywhere around us.

In the abortion decision, the three Justices perpetuated the current chaos by adopting (for the time being) Justice O'Connor's thinking (which she concedes has been inconsistent over time) that the states may legislate over some aspects of abortion but may not "unduly burden" the abortion decision. With this helpful guidance, the Court concluded that the state may require some manner of parental consent (so long as some manner of judicial consent is also available if parental consent is not forthcoming); it may require some manner of informed consent by women; but it may not require most forms of spousal consent. All of this was divined, of course, by careful scrutiny of the text and history of the document bequeathed to us by James Madison and his colleagues at Philadelphia.

Compounding this is the nakedly political analysis of the three Justices in finding that *Roe* v. *Wade* had acquired a "rare precedential force" that could be overturned only at the cost of "profound and unnecessary damage to the Court's legitimacy." Justice

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Souter, speaking from the bench, said further that to overturn *Roe* would not be seen as "anything but a surrender to political pressure." We would have thought (and do think) precisely the opposite.

These were cowardly judgments by Justices of some ability but feeble character—exactly what one would expect from the process that selected them.

Mischief

IRAN–CONTRA prosecutor Lawrence Walsh let a big cat out of the bag a few weeks ago: he admitted to the *Legal Times* that he has pretty much retired to Oklahoma, turning over his powers to his deputy, Craig Gillen, and a small army of young staff lawyers. When this set Washington abuzz, Walsh was wheeled out for softball TV interviews to pretend he was still around.

It added only another dimension of unaccountability to a prosecutorial machine that, as we have said many times, is a legal, political, and moral monstrosity. The indictment of Caspar Weinberger—who ought to be receiving medals and glory from his country for his role in the West's triumph over Communism—is bad enough. The Walsh team long ago abandoned any real attempt to prove that the Iran–Contra operation was an illegal conspiracy. Mr. Weinberger is in effect being charged with covering up something that was not a crime. And now we read in the Walsh office's latest written report that it is exploring other possible indictments "at the highest levels of government."

Now that even *opponents* of the original Iran–Contra operation are being swept up in the dragnet (not only Weinberger, but possibly even George Shultz), it is harder and harder to detect what interest the Walsh office is vindicating other than its own—for example, when it charges Mr. Weinberger with misleading the investigators (i.e., the Walsh Office). As for misleading Congress, every President since George Washington has known perfectly well that the obligation to reveal all to the co-equal Congress is less than total. This important point is being trodden underfoot here. Increasingly, the Walsh investigation is an onanistic enterprise that may give the investigators immense satisfaction but that is much less exciting to the citizen and taxpayer who wonders what value he gets from the $30-plus million bill and the endless legal harassment of retired civil servants.

We hope the *Wall Street Journal* is right that this overreaching by the young zealots will discredit the enterprise forever. The Bush Administration has let it be known that the President will veto any renewal of the Independent Counsel statute (after it expires this December) unless it is broadened to cover members of Congress. The squeals one hears from the investigation of the House Bank and Post Office tell us how much the Congress will relish that. Before then, however, the President should shut down the Walsh operation lest it inflict any more damage on the body politic.

Clinton's Folly

MR. CLINTON arrives in New York for the Democratic Convention in far better shape than seemed likely even a month ago. He is rising in the polls; he has been relatively unscathed by the crossfire between George Bush and Ross Perot; and he has emerged, at least in the eyes of the liberal media, as the Man with the Plan. His proposal includes spending an additional $220 billion on urban housing, job training, and "productive infrastructure."

Alas, Mr. Clinton also presents himself as the candidate of "change." Yet federal domestic spending under President Bush has already been expanding faster than under any other Administration since JFK's, rising at nearly 9 per cent per year above inflation. The latest Bush budget, for example, proposed a 14 per cent spending rise for HUD, which administers urban housing programs. Some cities have trouble spending the federal money already in hand: New York City's public housing bureaucracy, for example, is reportedly sitting on $675 million in HUD funds, most of which it has not even let contracts for. Urban America suffers from a shortage of private, not public, capital. Clinton's "Rebuild America" plan puts government largesse before empowerment, enterprise zones, privatization, and other free-market strategies.

To finance his program Clinton would create a fourth tax bracket, at 38.5 per cent, for taxpayers earning $200,000 and above, raise the alternative minimum tax rate, and impose a "millionaire's surtax" (that is sure to revive the long dormant tax-

Here Comes Perot

Not since The Terror, when Danton
  Got his, and Robespierre
Stayed stationary as his head
  Descended through the air,
Have people looked so petrified
  As those who man the desks
Deployed inside the Beltway, where
  They shudder like grotesques.

W. H. VON DREELE

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shelter industry). Mr. Clinton's economic advisors act as if marginal tax rates have no influence on individual behavior. If this were true, the rich would be paying less income tax today than they did in 1980, when the top rate was 70 per cent. When Ronald Reagan cut taxes, however, wealthy taxpayers earned more and exposed more of what they earned to taxation. As a result, the share of income taxes paid by the richest 1 per cent of taxpayers rose by 56 per cent, from 17.6 per cent in 1981 to 27.5 per cent in 1988. The Clinton plan would reverse this trend.

The investment disincentives in this tax package will only exacerbate the shortage of private capital in the cities and elsewhere. The benefits will fall to big-city mayors, bureaucrats, social workers, and well-connected contractors. Ordinary American taxpayers, including the inner-city poor, will have to endure the economic negatives. Mr. Clinton is thus the candidate of the status quo. While this may play well at the convention—a veritable fiesta of the welfare-state status quo—we doubt it will win cheers in November.

Not the Right Stuff

AMONG seafaring men, a woman on board ship was traditionally considered bad luck, and since the Tailhook Association convention last fall in Las Vegas, it's clear that they can spell trouble ashore too. Navy Secretary H. Lawrence Garrett III resigned after President Bush expressed his displeasure with the Navy's inquiry into the sexual abuse of 26 military and civilian women by naval aviators at the convention. The Senate is holding up 4,500 Navy promotions; a House Committee has cut 10,000 jobs from Navy headquarters; and Representative Pat Schroeder is demanding that the Department of Justice take over the investigation. President Bush and his fellow politicians appear convinced that the women's vote hinges on overreacting to the Tailhook incident.

This privately sponsored yearly gathering of active and retired Navy and Marine flyers is notorious for its bawdy revelry. For three nights the Navy's aerial glamor boys act like drunken sailors. Complaints by Navy Lieutenant Paula Coughlin, a helicopter pilot, launched the investigation into Tailhook, which has implicated some seventy officers. Her own boss, Rear Admiral Jack Snyder, has been relieved of his command for not responding appropriately to her complaints. When Lieutenant Coughlin reported being pawed by her fellow pilots as they propelled her down a hallway in the Las Vegas hotel, Snyder allegedly remarked, "That's what you get when you go on the third floor of a hotel with a bunch of drunken aviators." That would have been the reaction of most mothers a generation ago. Even in these progressive times, it is more to the point than Senator Sam Nunn's hints on television that four years' hard labor would be the appropriate punishment for the celebrating flyers.

Of course, military personnel guilty of sexual abuse should receive appropriate punishment—well short of four years' hard labor. But the Navy brass has strangely concluded that the appropriate remedy for Lieutenant Coughlin and her female colleagues is to allow them to fly combat aircraft. Both admirals and feminists seem unconcerned that this would expose American women to the far more serious sexual molestation suffered by the American female POWs in the Gulf at the hands of enemy soldiers.

Indeed, these attacks have been played down as vigorously as the Tailhook incident has been denounced. We suspect that this sorry affair will conclude with the President nominating the first female secretary of the Navy. Candidates already include two outspoken feminists, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Manpower Barbara Pope, and recently defeated Democratic Representative Beverly Byron of Maryland, who chairs the House Armed Services Subcommittee on Military Personnel. By appointing either one of these proponents of women in combat, the President would be turning an unfortunate incident into a military disaster. What Tailhook is accelerating is the transformation of the armed forces into a vast experiment in feminist sexual theory. Not only would such an experiment obstruct the very purposes of a military organization; it would also wreak havoc on the people being experimented on, exposing young women to sexual harassment, young men to sexual entrapment. An odd sort of achievement for the macho flyers of Tailhook and for another famous former Navy flyer.

G.I. Junior

INTRODUCED in the same week that the original G.I. Bill celebrated its 43rd anniversary, the Bush Administration's G.I. Bill for Kids draws on much the same principles. It provides $500 million for a new program to allow middle- and low-income parents up to $1,000 each to help them send their children to the schools of their choice. President Bush's name for the bill reminds us that the state–church objections to supporting those who choose private or religious schools are of recent (not to mention dubious) vintage. As the President pointed out, "If you set the clock back to the creation of that original G.I. Bill, no one told the G.I.s that they couldn't go to SMU or Notre Dame or Yeshiva or Howard."

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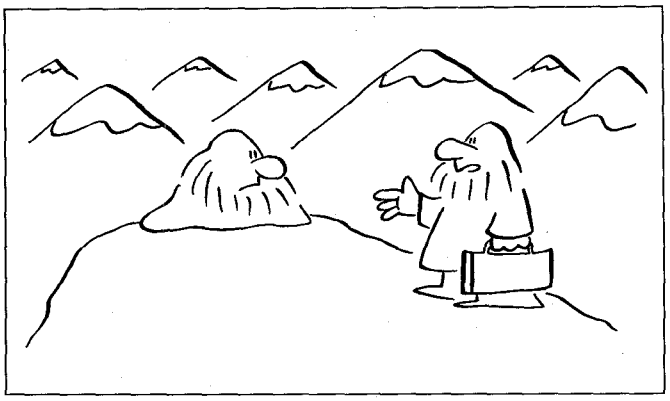
President Bush has been a strong advocate of this position all along, but in crucial tests (the America 2000 proposal, to name one) the President's men have too often been willing to see choice gutted. Indeed, when Congressman Dick Armey introduced a school-choice amendment recently, he received only lukewarm support from the Administration. Education Secretary Lamar Alexander says that he and his people have been for school choice all along, and that they have only been looking for a way to sell it to the American people. We are happy to take them at their word.

Given the entrenched teacher and bureaucrat interests opposing choice, and their strong links to the Democratic Party (teachers-union members are a dominant bloc at Democratic Conventions), there is no way the G.I. Bill for Kids can be pushed through the Hill without massive presidential support. The Administration must make it clear—and public—that Mr. Bush will veto any education legislation sent to his desk that does not include his G.I. Bill. The President and his education secretary are off to a good start. How they play it from here will tell us whether they intend to make it to the finish line—or just get through the election.

Good Cause

AIDS the Cause is well on its way to overshadowing AIDS the disease. Epidemiologists are beginning to agree that the disease has peaked, both worldwide and in America, and perhaps was never as dangerous as feared. The World Health Organization has retreated from its 1986 doomsday prediction of 100 million infections worldwide (by 1990) to a (still high) estimate of 8 million. The supposed decimation of the African population, for example, hasn't materialized—there have been fewer than 150,000 cases reported on the entire continent. The Centers for Disease Control have drastically reduced their estimates of the number of American cases from 1.5 million to less than a million—in fact, there have been only about 200,000 cases *ever* reported here. There has been no heterosexual breakout, and probably there never will be. Men who indulge in neither homosexual acts nor intravenous-drug abuse have a better chance of getting breast cancer than AIDS.

But AIDS is now an established cause, which has its own institutions, like Harvard's International AIDS Center and the President's Commission on AIDS. All too often they release dubious studies and statements which the media treat as of equal weight with hard science. And the activists pressure scientists to blur the clear meaning of their data: the CDC, for example, has redefined "heterosexual transmission" to include all cases originating in Africa and the Caribbean, heterosexual or otherwise.



"I wish you the best of luck with your stoicism, Goopta. As for me, I'm going to give epicureanism a try."

The distortion in public policy is potentially serious. Spending on cancer research has significantly declined in the last decade, though cancer kills many more people than AIDS. Scare tactics about heterosexual AIDS have justified a boom in sex education—not on the need for abstinence, but on the wonders of condoms, and directed at pre-pubescents as well as high-schoolers.

Because people eventually notice that the sky hasn't fallen, the hysteria has cooled a bit—though the President's Commission on AIDS is demanding Cabinet status. We are reminded that the most serious social disease today is Bureaucracy.

Sarajevo Again?

THE SIEGE of Sarajevo has been lifted, but the problem of Serbian aggression remains. A taboo seems to have been broken on the consideration of military options. We have been wary of all the excited calls for U.S. military intervention in the Balkan war, especially those coming from liberals (the folks who brought you Vietnam). Nevertheless, we did not carp at the Administration's cautious exploration with our allies of a possible airlift to break the Serbian stranglehold on Sarajevo. We could not in good conscience advise capitulation to Serbia's brutality and insatiable appetite. Political pressures continue to mount on the Western powers to do something effective to end the fighting before it spills over into wider conflict.

Any such action must be well thought through. Our ill-fated involvement in Beirut in 1982–84 began as a "humanitarian" intervention, and went sour as the political ground shifted under our feet. Even in "humanitarian" intervention, there will be the temptation—and perhaps necessity—to suppress artillery positions threatening the enterprise. And then there will be the temptation to take even stronger action to cripple the Serbian military ma-

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chine. We do not rule this out (or in) *a priori*, but we strongly urge that our planners think it through, several steps ahead, before plunging in.

Even the contemplation of military action was enough to remind everyone that if anything serious is involved, it can't be done without Americans in the lead. European pretensions to seriousness in the security sphere have again been deflated. Mitterrand's showboating at the airport only confirms the point. But Europeans have the pre-eminent interest in the re-establishment of order in the Balkans. So collective action in which the Europeans provide most of the ground forces—even if we provide the air and naval forces—is to be preferred. But the decisive leadership role will, and must, be American.

Elie Kedourie, R I P

ELIE KEDOURIE, who died suddenly at the age of 66, was not only one of the world's leading authorities on Middle Eastern politics, but also a distinguished and influential scholar in the field of political philosophy. After attending a *lycée* in Baghdad, where he was born, he went to the London School of Economics to study under Michael Oakeshott. He shared Oakeshott's conservative sympathies and his interest in Hegel, and on Oakeshott's retirement he took over his famous seminar on the philosophy of history, which attracted participants from many countries.

Kedourie was a man of deep and disciplined religious beliefs, together with a commitment to the idea of the university as an institution dedicated to learning. Although most of his books were about Middle Eastern problems, he reached a larger audience with pamphlets and articles in defense of scholarship both against populist dilution of standards and against the introduction of vocational training to the university. In one of his very last public lectures, at the Wilson Center in Washington, he denounced the intrusion of political ideologies into university education.

English was only his third language, after French and Arabic, yet Kedourie could express rebarbative opinions in a most mellifluous and enchanting style. His writings are a joy to read. —MAURICE CRANSTON

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Am a bit annoyed because two, maybe three, times in *NR* I have seen "transpired" used as a synonym for happened. I almost swear I saw it so used in one of your columns. Possible? Naw!

I still use the essay on language you did for the *American Heritage* and would by inference swear that you would rub the bugger out on every occasion. Do I infer too much?

Sincerely,
(Mr.) Connie Mack Rea
English Department
California University of Pennsylvania
California, Pa.

Dear Mr. Rea: Thanks for your act of faith, which is by the way justified. I'd as soon slit my throat as misuse transpire. If it was misused by others in these sacred glades, let's hope that this way of telling them satisfies all relevant diplomatic requirements. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have thought long and deep about the problem of HARASS (perh. from O.F.: to set a dog on). Is it har'ass or harass'? Since the word really fills a need in our litigious age (where is the jurist who dares say: *de minimis non curat praetor?*) could not you start a movement to clarify this point?

Sincerely,
G. J. Wageningen
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Wageningen: Want to know our preferences? Accent the first syllable when the construction is passive ("Jane was HAR-assed by Tarzan"), the last syllable when the mood is active ("Tarzan ha-RASSED Jane"). Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Several months ago on a Saturday morning I began introducing my (then) 18-month-old daughter to various public figures. Prior to that time she was able to identify by name only family and friends she had met. She quickly, and first, mastered your name. Now, whenever she watches *Firing Line*, she points to you and says, "Buckey." (Please excuse her difficulty with the letter "L.") You may be interested in the company you keep. She also identifies, with much zeal, Jesus and Moses; the latter name sometimes being given mistakenly to Robert Bork. Although she will sometimes identify "Kenney" (J. F. Kennedy) for my wife, who is more liberal than I, she does not have a clue as to the identity of Roseanne Barr, Geraldo Rivera, or Oprah Winfrey. I hope her experience with the programs of the aforementioned continues to match your own.

Grace to you and peace,
Richard W. Bohannon
Storrs, Conn.

Dear Mr. Bohannon: Your daughter is doing very nicely. Best you don't let her grow any older. Cordially, **—WFB**

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ON THE SCENE

Opening Up the Public-School Gulag

CHARLES J. SYKES

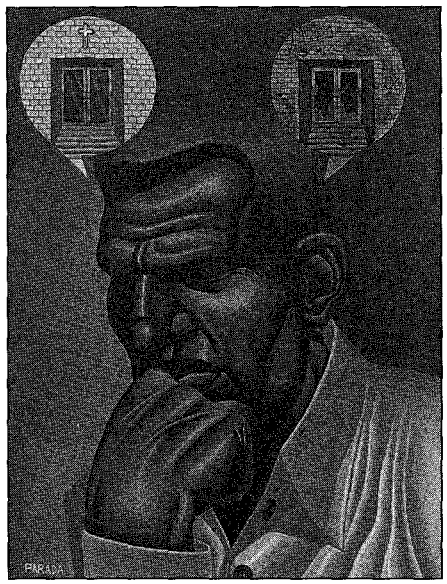
MILWAUKEE

IF PRESIDENT BUSH wanted a hint of just how powerful an issue he has in school choice, he did not have to look any farther than his audience at the White House ceremony where he unveiled his G.I. Bill for Children. He was joined by black parents who have pioneered school choice in Milwaukee's inner city; Governor Tommy Thompson, who has once again made Wisconsin a "laboratory of democracy"; and Brother Bob Smith.

Brother Bob, who is black, is the principal of Milwaukee's Messmer High School, an independent Catholic school with a predominantly poor, black, and non-Catholic student body. The 35-year-old Capuchin has become a powerful symbol of the political and educational promise of choice, but also of the lengths to which opponents will go to stop low-income parents from escaping the public-school gulag.

Milwaukee's public schools, like those of many other big cities, are educational Bhopals. Only 32 per cent of their black students graduate from high school; at some schools, the *average* grade point average for black students is F+ or below (the grade point average for all students is D+). Is this appalling rate of failure the result of spending cuts? Hardly. Between 1976 and 1988, per-pupil spending in Milwaukee rose by 190 per cent; state aid leaped by 278 per cent. The city now spends about $6,000 per pupil.

By comparison, although half of Messmer's students come from families at or below the poverty line and 62 per cent are black, 98 per cent of Messmer's students graduate; 78 per cent go on to college. Messmer does this while spending about $4,400 per pupil. Tuition is only $2,050, and most Messmer students receive some form of financial aid.



Roberto Parada

Until this year, Messmer had not seriously considered that it might be part of the Wisconsin school-choice program, since participation is limited to non-sectarian private schools. However, Messmer is not part of the Milwaukee archdiocesan school system (it severed its ties with the archdiocese in 1974, after the Church announced that it would close the school, and reopened with major support from the DeRance Foundation), and so Brother Bob thought it worth applying. Three weeks later, the Department of Public Instruction approved Messmer for the program, which provides $2,500 in tuition aid to low-income parents. Within days, Messmer had received 44 completed applications from low-income parents and requests from another 50. Reaction in the black community was enthusiastic. "The inclusion of Messmer in the choice program," editorialized the black-owned *Community Journal*, "is a godsend for poor parents."

The reaction of the education establishment was outrage. School choice had been bitterly fought from the beginning by an alliance of teachers unions, the Wisconsin Association of School Administrators, and the NAACP. Choice's most virulent critic, however, has been the state superintendent of public instruction, Herbert Grover. How must Grover have felt when he learned that his own department had somehow slipped up and allowed Messmer into the program?

Once the establishment sounded the alarm, he dispatched a team of bureaucrats to Messmer to sniff out signs of religiosity, count crucifixes, and monitor prayers. They brought with them a two-page checklist ("Review trophy case(s) for references to conferences like Catholic Conference"). Within days, Grover's department reversed itself and declared Messmer ineligible for choice on the grounds that it was "pervasively religious."

Brother Bob notes that the investigators expressed little interest in Messmer's educational program. "They told us they were not questioning our educational program. They never asked us how we teach, how we are so successful. They never talked to parents or teachers, nothing like that." The DPI investigators did, however, raise one other issue repeatedly. As their questionnaire put it: "Has the school received services from the Bradley Foundation? Explain."

On its face, the question was bizarre. What had the Bradley Foundation to do with an investigation into the sectarian nature of the school? When Brother Bob asked, the investigators explained, "Every time choice comes up we hear about Bradley."

That is understandable. The Lynde and Harry Bradley Foundation had made a $200,000 challenge grant to Messmer; had helped finance the legal defense of the state's choice program; and would soon announce a multi-million-dollar privately funded voucher plan in the city. Superintendent Grover has made no secret of his suspicions that the Bradley Foundation was hatching dark plots against him. "They asked us if we were being put up to this as a test case," Brother Bob recalls.

Bradley Foundation president Michael Joyce, incensed by the DPI's bul-

Mr. Sykes's latest book, A Nation of Victims, *will be published in September by St. Martin's Press. He is the editor of* WI: Wisconsin Interest.

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lying tactics, demanded an explanation. Grover and his aides dodged Joyce for several days. When Grover finally came up with an explanation, it was that he had been misunderstood: he hadn't meant *that* Bradley Foundation, he had been interested in another Bradley Foundation altogether. (There *is* another Bradley Foundation, but its sole function is to run a sculpture garden.) Grover's response was so laughable that one radio call-in show devoted a program to a "Bert Grover the-dog-ate-my-homework contest." (Winners were offered movie tickets and careers in the Department of Public Instruction.)

But Grover and the educrats had tipped their hand. It is no longer beefy white racists who are standing in the schoolhouse door; today it is beefy white liberals, who care so deeply about the poor that they cannot imagine giving them the power to make decisions over their own lives. They know that empowering parents can be a contagious idea. The educrats are not afraid that choice will fail; they are terrified it will succeed.

The fight over Messmer revealed also just how differently educrats and inner-city parents think about education. Given the dangers young blacks face in the nation's inner cities—illiteracy, drugs, gang violence—few black parents lose much sleep worrying that their children will be exposed to *prayer*. The educrats, however, worry about it *for* them. (Repeat after me: A crucifix submerged in urine is art; a crucifix in a classroom is a threat to our constitutional freedom.)

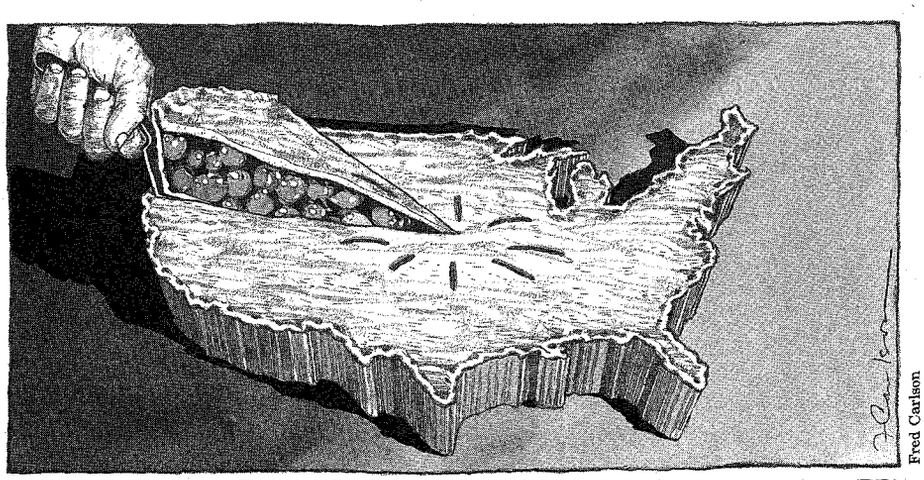
All of this underlines the potency of school choice in the upcoming campaign. What other issue reflects so clearly what is at stake in America's culture war? Or highlights the Left's fixation on defending an indefensible status quo? Or demonstrates that while liberals insist they *care*, it is the Republicans who are willing to *trust*?

After Wisconsin's educrats rejected Messmer, Brother Bob said, "I'm sure that's going to send shock waves, and there's going to be some anger and some resentment." He intends to fight. "This could end up being a landmark nationally—it's that important."

If George Bush understands that, there may yet be hope. □

Proportional Deception

JOHN A. BARNES



Fred Carlson

CINCINNATI

ISRAEL has never had a majority government. Indeed, so chaotic were the results of its last parliamentary election, in 1988, that some changes in the electoral laws were finally introduced. The threshold for winning a seat in the Knesset under the proportional-representation (PR) system was raised from 1 per cent of the total vote to 1.5 per cent—and the results were apparent in last week's election.

Israel has company in wanting to make its proportional-representation system less proportional. Italy is dealing with a voter revolt against a PR system that seems to lock the same old hacks into an endless game of musical chairs. Radek Sikorski has chronicled [*NR*, Dec. 2, 1991] the torment Poland is undergoing thanks to the decision to introduce PR. John Major won reelection in Britain at least partly by campaigning against hints from the opposition parties that they wanted to introduce some form of PR.

Against this uninspiring background, some fifty activists gathered here on a chilly first day of summer to launch a new organization. Their goal: to bring PR to the United States.

"The American political system operates to the detriment of women and minorities," said Professor Doug Amy of Mt. Holyoke College. "Our two-party, single-member-constituency, first-past-the-post system is basically flawed. None of the emerging democracies of Eastern Europe has adopted it. They are all going with a multi-party system that is more representative."

To listen to the organizers of Citizens for Proportional Representation (CPR) tell it, there's almost nothing PR can't cure. Low voter turnout? PR will energize everyone. Gerrymandering? Impossible. Not enough blacks and women in Congress? PR fixes that. Racial and political polarization? One organizer told me proportional representation would have prevented the Los Angeles riots.

At lunch with several of the attendees, I brought up some of the problems that have been perceived with PR. I had thrown a lighted match into a powder keg. "That's all part of the myth!" one of them nearly shouted. Elements of The Myth include that PR is overly complex; that it helped bring Hitler and Mussolini to power; and that it leads to unstable coalition governments.

Matthew Cossolotto, a former aide to House Speaker Jim Wright, took the last point first. He explained that the "horror stories" resulted from the *wrong kind* of PR. "Israel, Italy, and Poland use a party-list system to allocate the seats," he explained. "We favor the single transferable vote [STV] for individual candidates."

In the STV system, voters cast their ballots for candidates in order of preference, one through five or six or however many seats have to be filled. Those candidates whose first-choice votes top a certain threshold are declared elected immediately. Then the total points of the others who received

Mr. Barnes is the deputy editorial-page editor at the Detroit News.

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some first-choice votes are added up, and so on until all the seats are filled.

STV is currently used by the Republic of Ireland, which has seen its share of governing crises. Germany uses a combination of first-past-the-post and STV, which has allowed the FDP to blackmail at various times both the much larger parties. How the system will hold up under the stresses of reunification remains to be seen.

Are there any places in the United States that currently use STV? Two, I was told: Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the New York City Board of Education. ('Nuff said.)

PR does have a history in the United States. It was pushed by the Progressives early in this century, as a way to attack boss-ism. It was instituted in New York, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and several other cities, but by 1960, every city except Cambridge had abandoned it.

As for Hitler and Mussolini, the claim of many PR activists that the Nazis and the Fascists would have come to power even sooner under the British system is impossible to disprove—but the fact is that the British Union of Fascists, led by Oswald Mosley, failed even to win a single parliamentary seat in the 1930s.

One doesn't need a PR system to have multiple parties, as witness Britain and Canada, but PR certainly tempts small and often extremist parties to try their luck. The West German Green Party, for example, didn't win a single district, or even 10 per cent of the national vote, in the 1983 elections, but it still got 27 seats in the Bundestag. France held its 1986 elections under PR, but quickly abandoned it when Jean-Marie Le Pen's National Front won 33 seats. Neo-Nazis and white supremacists have also won seats under PR in Germany and Belgium.

The day was full of talk about "fairness" and "more democracy." In fact, moving from first-past-the-post to PR means moving from a system in which the government is formed by the party winning the most votes to a system in which the government is determined by one of the parties winning the fewest. Be that as it may, I asked Mr. Cossolotto what he and his colleagues wanted all this democracy for. The answer was simple: "Well, in Europe they don't have all the poverty, despair, and alienation that we see in our inner cities. There are so many people with little or no voice in the current system. Women, Native Americans, real working people. PR would give these marginalized people a stake in the system." Indeed. It is hardly surprising that the Rainbow Coalition has expressed interest.

The relationship between proportional representation and a high level of government spending is not merely theoretical. According to a study in last October's *Economic Policy*, for example, Israel's annual budget is larger than its Gross Domestic Product (GDP). Belgium's national debt is 120 per cent of its GDP, compared to about 45 per cent in the United States and 35 per cent in Britain. For the politicians, it's a lot less trouble to raise spending and pay off troublesome smaller parties than to fight them.

The nose of the PR camel is already under the tent in the United States. Florida Democrats are seeking to have their state's electoral votes apportioned according to the vote for President in each congressional district. Maine and Nebraska already have this system.

Given the vagaries of the current election year, with the probable candidacy of Ross Perot and the general disgust with Congress, a "fairer," "more democratic" electoral system might well sound attractive. But PR is fairer only for those democrats who want more from government. Those who will do the paying had best pay attention. □

In Search of a Foreign Policy

ELISABETH RUBINFIEN

MOSCOW

BORIS YELTSIN went West to prove that, as a statesman, he could outshine even Mikhail Gorbachev. He wanted to make clear that he is a new kind of Russian leader, that the new Russia is a friend, that "there will be no more lies again, ever."

And with a few missteps along the way, Mr. Yeltsin went a long way toward achieving those goals. By abandoning the decades-long Russian obsession with "parity" in nuclear arms, Mr. Yeltsin was able to reach a stunning deal which would effectively end the threat of a first strike and reduce nuclear weapons to a deterrent role.

Standing in front of the U.S. Congress, Mr. Yeltsin did what Mikhail Gorbachev could not do—he denounced Communism as an absolute evil, declaring its welcome and permanent death as a global force. While his statements on American POWs left more questions than answers, Mr. Yeltsin's sincerity in exposing Soviet untruths was impressive.

In all this, Boris Yeltsin was pursuing a foreign policy that is unabashedly pro-Western. For Russian reformers, the integration into institutions such as the IMF and even NATO is the best guarantee against a resurgence of Russian totalitarianism.

Tim Bower

But as attractive as this is to a Western audience, it raises the hackles of those here who see it as the kowtowing of a fallen superpower. And it leaves unanswered the most urgent foreign-policy issues facing Russia: its relations with the other former Soviet republics and its response to wars from Sarajevo to Nagorno-Karabakh that have sprung from the ashes of the Soviet Union. Even Russian intellectuals who are not anti-Western criticize the government for lacking a coherent definition of Russian interests and a policy to pursue them.

Miss Rubinfien is a Moscow correspondent for the Wall Street Journal.

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As Mr. Yeltsin toasted international friendship in Washington, his government in Moscow was forging a foreign policy with a clearly different tint. Russian soldiers were fighting a small war along the banks of the Dniester river with the troops of the Moldovan government. The Russian 14th Army had come to the aid of Russians and Ukrainians who seek to secede from Moldova. The Slavs say they fear a move by the Rumanian majority of Moldova to reunify with Rumania.

Meanwhile, in the harsh Caucasus mountains, where Russia and Georgia meet, helicopter gunships of the Russian army took to the air to defend the Ossetian minority against the attack of Georgian forces. The Ossetians are one of the many mountain nationalities of the Caucasus, divided between Russia and Georgia. After Georgian nationalists took power in Tbilisi, the Ossetians located within Georgia were prompted to secede and join their brothers located within Russia.

Both the Moldovan and the Georgian leadership have accused Russia of intervening militarily into their affairs, a charge which the Russian government denies. There is considerable evidence that Moscow does not control its troops in Moldova or Georgia.

But there are also many signs that some part of the Russian leadership is giving moral, if not more substantial, support to the embattled minorities. While Mr. Yeltsin was away, Vice President Aleksandr Rutskoi jumped in to assert that in Ossetia and Moldova, Russian interests were under assault. "One must not permit anyone to wipe their feet on Russia and its citizens," the former Afghan War hero said in a blood-curdling television talk on June 18. He vowed that the Russian flag "must not be lowered" on the Black Sea fleet, one of the main points of dispute with neighboring Ukraine. "Crimea must never be allowed to become Ukrainian," he added, referring to the Russian-majority Crimean peninsula, where the fleet is headquartered, "because from time immemorial it has been Russian land, soaked with the blood of our ancestors."

Mr. Yeltsin, upon his return, struck a centrist pose. In rhetorical terms, he gave some backing to Mr. Rutskoi, but in practice he seeks political, not military solutions. "We want to settle all matters at the negotiating table," Mr. Yeltsin told reporters, "but when dozens of people are killed and when there is a war going on, we cannot remain idle."

Theoretically, as these countries flirt with all-out war, they are still members of the same alliance—the Commonwealth of Independent States. But last week's meeting between Mr. Yeltsin and his Ukrainian counterpart, Leonid Kravchuk, revealed the weakness of that alliance.

The summit itself was carefully nonconfrontational. The specter of many Yugoslavias was enough to prompt both men to eschew nationalist saber-rattling in favor of serious negotiation. They made some progress in settling such problems as the fate of the Black Sea fleet. But the most interesting conclusion of the summit emerged gradually: that the Commonwealth is losing its point. Mr. Kravchuk said as much upon his return to Kiev. While Ukraine was not going to leave the CIS, he said, bilateral negotiations hold more promise.

Messrs. Yeltsin and Kravchuk are trying to help negotiate solutions to the Moldovan and Georgian conflicts. Mr. Yeltsin brokered a ceasefire in a meeting with Georgian leader Eduard Shevardnadze and the North and South Ossetians. Similar moves were made in the Moldovan case. However, neither ceasefire took effect, and the fighting resumed over the weekend.

Meanwhile, the advocates of a more aggressive nationalism are ready to offer their own solutions. At the extremes there is the "red–brown axis"—an alliance of hard-line Communists and Russian chauvinists who assail the West as a rapacious beast that seeks to reduce Russia to a satrapy of multinational corporations. Such forces, through their still considerable bloc in the Russian parliament, have taken aim at Russia's backing for UN sanctions against Serbia as a betrayal of their brother Slavs.

Not only the fringe is complaining about Russian foreign policy. Sergei Stankevich, former deputy mayor of Moscow and now advisor to President Yeltsin, has repeatedly attacked the overly "Atlanticist" orientation of Russian foreign policy. Russia, he argues, is a "Eurasian" state. In far more sophisticated terms than those used by crude Slavophiles, Mr. Stankevich advocates a shift to the East in the name of restoring "balance"—extending ties to Asian neighbors such as China, Korea, and Japan, maintaining links with the former Soviet Central Asian republics. Russia cannot stand by and watch Turkey, Iran, and others fill the vacuum created by the collapse of the Soviet Union, he argues.

Then there are the liberals, who warn that the threat to use force in Moldova and Ossetia is the first step down a slippery slope. "The Dniester region and Ossetia are the first serious test for Russian foreign policy," wrote Vitaly Tretyakov, the editor of the leading reformist paper, *Nezavisimaya Gazeta*. "On the one hand, Russia should not intervene in conflicts. But on the other hand, it cannot remain indifferent to the destiny of Russians and Ossets. Only one thing becomes clear—in the near future, Russia will be surrounded by no means friendly states. Foreign policy from a position of strength becomes, as a rule, the consequence of such a state of affairs." □

Free to Do What?

TIM W. FERGUSON

CHICAGO

THE CHOSEN THEME for the Philadelphia Society's annual meeting was "The Culture of Statism—Communism Is Dead: Long Live the State!"—a mordant summation of the challenge facing conservatives of all stripes in the Nineties. And the number of different stripes is part of the challenge. At the time of the meeting (the last weekend in April) the Perot Phenomenon was just a glimmer in Larry King's eye, but Pat Buchanan's candidacy had drawn battle lines between conservatives who no longer had their common opposition to the Evil Empire to keep them fighting on the same side. As the Society's president, Daniel Oliver—formerly known as "embattled FTC Chairman Daniel Oliver"—put it in his Saturday

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luncheon address, the Soviet Union's fall left us free, "but free to do what?" The most basic division is between those who exalt freedom, particularly economic freedom, and those whose primary goal is the encouragement of virtue—a view that traces its lineage to the Founding Fathers: "One cannot imagine Governor Winthrop succumbing to the argument that for reasons of personal liberty and financial abundance the Shining City on a Hill Pharmacy should be allowed to open on Sundays in order to meet the competition in the selling of condoms."

But even those of the Right for whom virtue is a higher priority than economic freedom would argue that "Good government is limited government. In government, less *is* more." And, for conservatives, the best way to reconcile the different priorities is to insist that as much of government as possible be local.

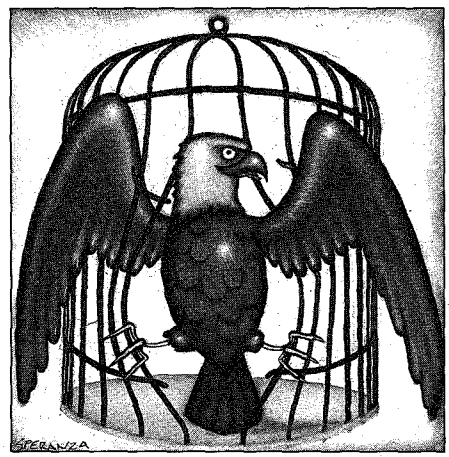
"Freedom, virtue, prosperity, order, justice, tradition, democracy, limited government, self-restraint—all these are coins the Philadelphia Society was born to handle, and in handling, make sparkle," Mr. Oliver concluded. "What an exhilarating prospect: freed of the Communist threat, we can return to debating first things. Thanks, Mr. Reagan."

The rest of the meeting was devoted to exploring, in one way and another, the questions raised here. How much should conservatives ask government to do? How can we resist its incursions in other areas? And, recurringly, why do people act against both principle and self-interest in meekly accepting an excessive government role?

Joseph Alibrandi—chief executive of the Whittaker Corp., but better known as the spearhead of the education ballot initiative in California—addressed this point in the opening session Friday night: but only after a surprise appearance by Nobel Prize winner Ronald Coase, whose work had laid the intellectual foundation for the deregulation that Mr. Oliver had attempted to implement at the FTC.

"NOBEL WINNER FOUND IN RUINS": Coase recalled the headline that appeared when he was finally located in Carthage, after the Nobel Committee had spent several days hunting for him. (It was Reuters, "a profit-making organization," that tracked him down.) "SIDES SPLIT AT PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY" is how another obtuse editor might have tagged the droll professor's stand-up routine.

Mr. Alibrandi sobered the audience up with a diagnosis of the failure of the education establishment to educate, and of the business community to realize how deep the problem goes. Businessmen wanting to do something about the mess, said Mr. Alibrandi, are far more likely to be lured into "feel good" gestures like being "principal for a day," or large pronouncements, like calling for top-down reform for all of America's schools. What Mr. Alibrandi did instead was found ExCEL, which is mounting the ballot initiative to assign half the current per-pupil expenditure in the state, or about $2,500 a year, to school vouchers to foster "creative, competitive innovation." Entrepreneurial teaching ventures will spring up to challenge the education leviathan, in the same way that small Silicon Valley shops have challenged the IBM monolith. Significantly, ExCEL has received entrepreneurial business backing, but the executives of large corporations are holding back.



David Speranza

The same theme was explored in Saturday panels on why statism survives and indeed thrives in business and law. Alan Reynolds, for example, advised that when someone not known for putting the larger good ahead of self-interest seems to be doing so—look more closely. If a congressman who is normally dead set against free trade is suddenly found supporting the North American Free Trade Agreement, check to see whether the manufacturer that dominates his constituency has a Mexican subsidiary.

On a more principled note, Danny Boggs, a U.S. Appeals Court judge, discussed the temptation, even for conservatives, to weigh the merits of a law rather than its constitutionality. Judge Boggs said he has thought of having a rubber stamp made: "STUPID BUT CONSTITUTIONAL."

Meanwhile, in international affairs, David Boaz pointed out, our concern for "democracy" leads us to elevate majoritarianism over constitutional republicanism.

The closing session is sometimes sleepy, but not this time, thanks to the incendiary Midge Decter. Speaking to the topic of "Culture and the State," Mrs. Decter jumped on a *New York Times* account of a "rape" of a six-year-old girl by two boys, age seven. This item, Mrs. Decter suggested, was but gratuitous evidence that in a society saturated by smut of both the mainstream and plain-wrapper variety, "there is nothing left to protect the children from what they don't wish to understand."

The school establishment had joined in the barrage with "family values" courses that simply softened up the kids for "drug dealers and homosexuals," Mrs. Decter went on, with most of the room—even some libertarians—nodding agreement. But she had come, she said, to the reluctant and self-surprising conclusion that school choice and parental action were not the answer. "Call the cops, call the censors, if necessary call in the Marines!" she exhorted. "What the state has encouraged, the state has to be called in to undo."

Here the unanimity ended. Libertarians exploded all over the hall; traditionalists like Father Robert Sirico, a fellow panelist, emphasized that "freedom is the necessary context for morality" and that powers granted to do good are frequently seized by bad actors.

The arguers were lined up six deep in the aisle by now, but Society secretary Don Lipsett passed the word that the room had to be cleared for that most sustaining of traditional ceremonies, a wedding. Who could object in this context?

Ronald Coase's whimsical opening act—Why was he in Tunisia? To buy a birdcage—included a story about his invitation to meet the president, General Ben Ami, who professed great (if recent) belief in a market economy. But while such ideas take root in the obscure reaches of Tunisia and other birdcage centers, here at home, Liberty's eagle remains an endangered species. □

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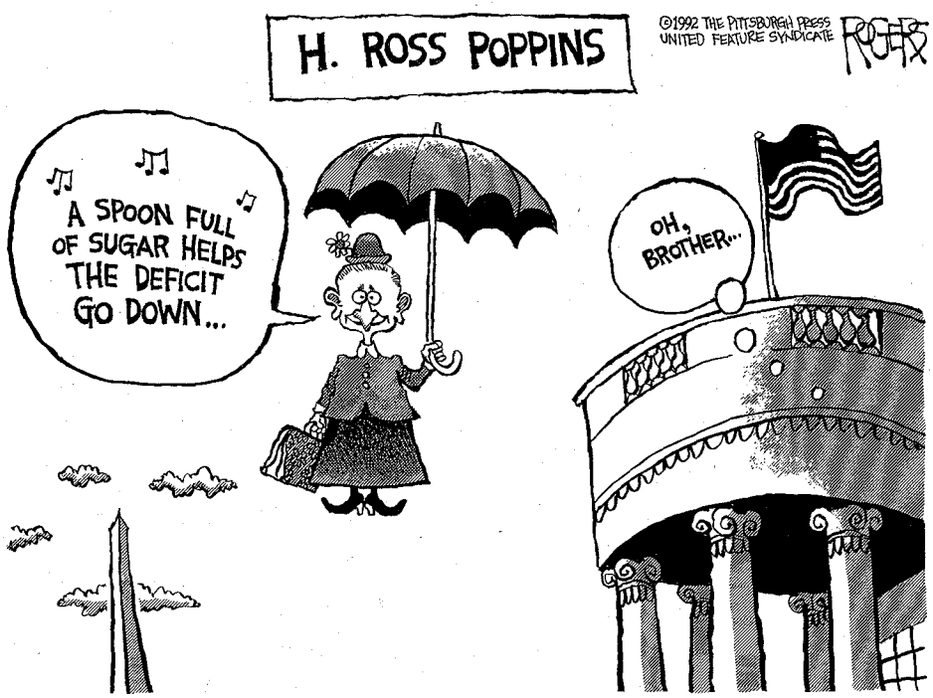
H. ROSS POPPINS
©1992 THE PITTSBURGH PRESS UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE
ROGERS
A SPOON FULL OF SUGAR HELPS THE DEFICIT GO DOWN...
OH, BROTHER...

Glorobots

A robot rejoiced at the smart
When Cupid implanted a dart
    In the tin of his skin
    And ignited within
His micro-transistorized heart.

GLORIA A. MAXSON

"I bumped off my girl's old boyfriend—what better way to say, 'I love you'?"

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WE FOUND ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE GODLESS REAGAN ADMINISTRATION RUNNING AROUND LOOSE, O GREAT ONE!
WEINBERGER
©1992SCRIPPS HOWARD
—UNITED FEATURE SYND.

AYATOLLAH WALSH

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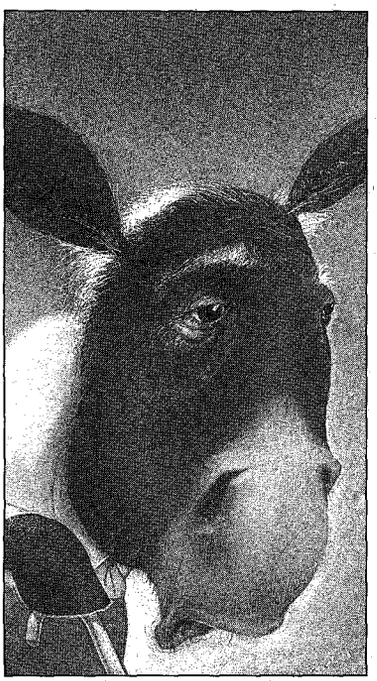

Convention Time

THE LONGTIME-DEMOCRAT BLUES

The Democrats are now the party of the bureaucrats and the underclass, and a few lonely souls who remember when they were the party of the people.

MICHAEL NOVAK

THE SADDEST THING about being a Democrat is the arrival of presidential election years. Ordinarily, it isn't such a bad feeling, being a Democrat, because the party is, after all, the oldest political party in the world; the largest party in America; and quite certainly the dominant party not only in most of the state legislatures, but also in the U.S. House and Senate. It is also (after all) the second most capitalist party in the world. Many of the most colorful political leaders in America during the last sixty years have belonged to it. Nearly all major journalists—at the networks, on the major dailies and newsweeklies—support it, with thinly disguised political passion. In faculty clubs and in classrooms, as well as at public university functions, the prevailing speech assumes that anyone with moral discretion is a Democrat. As Pauline Kael once wrote, disbelieving the outcome of the Nixon–McGovern election of 1972, "Nixon can't have won; no one I know voted for him."

So it is nice to be able to slip casually into a conversation the soft-voiced confession, "I am a Democrat . . . ," which wins one at least an initial exemption from being thought a complete Neanderthal. A significant proportion of American left-wingers of artistic, intellectual, or academic standing, it seems, have never had a conversation with an intelligent Republican, and think the latter term an oxymoron. (This explains the extremist speech that left-wingers frequently allow themselves; they have virtually never heard their views challenged. Anybody who is anybody in their circles agrees with them.) Being able to say one is a Democrat is like having the card that gets one into the first-class lounge at an international airport.

Inside the party considerable diversity is tolerated. "I don't belong to an organized political party," Will Rogers once said. "I'm a Democrat." There are a lot of Democrats it is easy for other Democrats to dislike intensely, except that they need each other's votes. *Pas d'ennemies à gauche.* "Left" *means* a passel of feuding sects. "Left" also means "more moral than thou."

Quadrennial Sadness

ONE OF the benefits to being a registered Democrat, then, is access to moral superiority. The sadness, as I say, comes every four years. One then has to face the fact that the party is certain to nominate a candidate one cannot vote for. Even if he is a very nice candidate, a man one has for some time admired as a generally responsible and decent fellow (like Walter Mondale), by the time he is finished assuring all the loud-voiced parts of the Democratic "coalition" of everything that he will do for them, not only the price tag but also the pandering of the thing has become insupportable.

But that's not yet the deepest sadness. The deepest sadness is that the Candidate is going to have to come out "pro-choice," which actually means in favor of discarding human life. And to do this *within the same political party* that insists on protecting the spotted owl, the snail darter, the whale, and every other species in this bio-diverse universe. (Perhaps it would help if Democrats began thinking of the unborn as nonhuman; perhaps then they would want to save them.) In addition, the Candidate has got to pretend to love and admire the feminists, even the loudest, most man-hating,

Mr. Novak, a lifetime Democrat (of neoconservative temper), was speechwriter and staff assistant on Democratic campaigns in 1970, 1972, and 1976 (for Senator Henry M. Jackson).

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"HOME NOW IS THE SAILOR, HOME FROM THE SEA...

WindFall is the *summa* we have been waiting for. This is what Buckley saw on his watch."
— Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Ronald Reagan
"An eloquent, high-spirited, irresistible voyage into the later passages of life...also a much more personal Bill Buckley than we have ever seen before."

P.J. O'Rourke
"A personal, spiritual, and occupational summation... a glimpse into the soul of a very remarkable man."

D. Keith Mano
"If this book is about sailing, then *The Old Man and the Sea* is about marlin bait."

Louis Auchincloss
"I can think of no more exhilarating reading for the years celebrating Columbus's first voyage than this renavigation in a sailing ketch by that most dedicated and refined of epicureans, Bill Buckley, with his brave and witty crew."

Charlton Heston
"He's run a magazine and for mayor, written novels and commentary, played the harpsichord and Moses to modern conservatism, while keeping a proper perspective between God and country, friends and family....The latest of his wonderfully readable sea sagas...also the best."

Alistair Horne
"I have known Bill for precisely half a century. I recognize him as being capable of giving out more love and friendship than any other man alive...what *WindFall*, basically, is all about."

The climax of William F. Buckley's classic quartet.

WindFall
The End of the Affair

William F. Buckley, Jr.

With photographs by Christopher Little

RANDOM HOUSE

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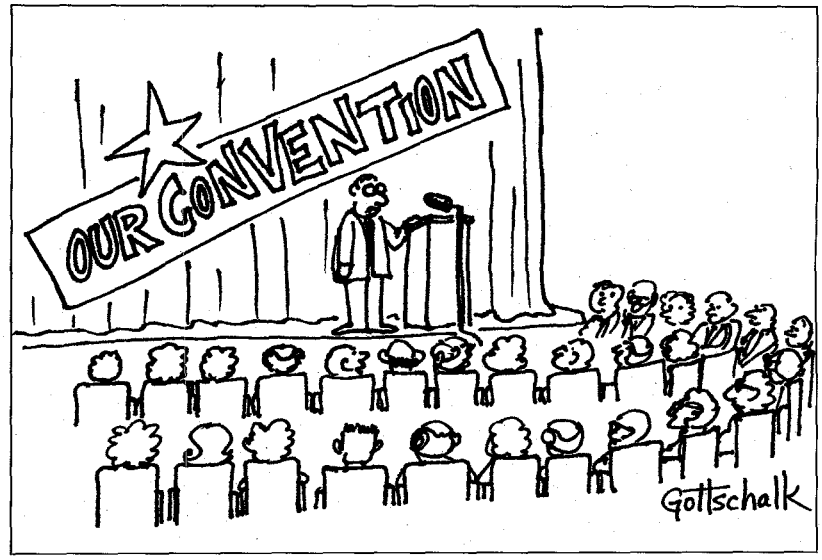
and most extreme among them. Indeed, beyond expressing sympathy for gays and lesbians (which is easy to understand) the Candidate will have to speak to lesbians and gays as if they were the most honorable, wealthiest, and best-organized oppressed people on earth. The special mixture of coercion and pretense involved in this particular public exercise is unusually cloying. Watching grown people say what they do not feel is acutely embarrassing.

Worse still are the left-wing movie stars and rock singers the Candidate is going to have to cavort with. Pretending that these folks are sensible must be the most difficult part of running for office.

But if you think that the Candidate's association with the glitterati is the most embarrassing thing about presidential election years, you are still wrong. The most embarrassing thing is that the Candidate is bound to have his photograph taken. If it's not Mike Dukakis with a helmet in a tank turret, it is Bill Clinton with dark glasses, a funny hat, a creak in his knees, and a long saxophone held coolly toward the floor. A nice cold stab in your heart tells you immediately that the Republican campaign is going to play this photograph over and over again on television, in *their* ads: "*This* is the man you want for President?" Over beside it the Republicans will run a picture of their man conversing intently with Gorbachev or Yeltsin: "Or *this* one?"

No, it's no fun being a Democrat in presidential election years. Proud as you can be of your party at any other time, in this long and painful year you can only inure yourself to one humiliation after another. No party in the world should have to put itself through this obstacle course every four years. No human being should have to be a Democratic presidential candidate, getting punched up here, elongated over there, pinched this way, grabbed that way, in order to emerge from it all misshapen, forlorn, and altogether pitiable. The hardest thing about being a Democrat is finding a presidential candidate one can actually vote for.



"We're going to do this a little differently—I want those in favor and those opposed to vote 'Aye.'"

The New Great Society Frontier

THIS GREAT DESCENT began, I think, in 1960, that transcendentally great election which so excited artists, intellectuals, journalists, and academics (including me). Jack Kennedy worked hard at his necessary base in the ethnic Catholic and black inner cities, and then became the first to take his campaign out to the suburban supermarkets, among the new, crewcut young technocrats so confident about their expertise. He excited these brave new experts about his "New Frontier." They would have Space to conquer. Eventually, the whole world would hear the pitterpatter of Peace Corps feet, making life better for the poor. As the President later said at Yale, in a famous speech (I paraphrase), "We know enough now to know what to do; the only question is whether we have the will." This was flattering. And we had not only the will but an unparalleled enthusiasm for that new Camelot, that age of poetry and myth and trysts of love.

From then on, the alliance between the Democrats and the New Class was as solid as the steel cable of a suspension bridge. The Democrats, once the party of the people, were raised up above the people. They became the party of "affirmative government." (This is how the Catholic theory of "social justice" also came to be interpreted.) All the people with bright ideas about how to make the American people better were empowered. Millions of new jobs opened up in government and governmental agencies. The New Frontier, yielding in time to the Great Society, intended to bring human improvement, under affirmative government, on an unparalleled scale.

On the good side, the coils of segregation were broken; the first Great Exodus of American-born blacks—their exodus from the South—was concluded, and the second Great Exodus began: the exodus of American-born blacks from poverty, including their move from the cities to the suburbs. This transformation of black life in the United States was a great achievement of the Democratic Party. (Yet it ended up by splitting the two-thirds of blacks who moved out of poverty from a sizable chunk of the remaining one-third, and the condition of the latter seemed to become more dispirited than ever.) On the civil-rights front, the Democrats succeeded; but the welfare reforms of the 1960s, breeding dependency, were a failure.

The great gains, perhaps even excessive gains, of the elderly represented another great achievement. Never in history have so many older persons had such splendid health care, congregated in such great numbers in so many spiffy locations, looked so young, been so vigorous, and engendered so intense a political lobby.

Then failure struck. Having ceased to be "the party of the people" and having become "the party of affirmative government," the Democrats (particularly the new

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activists, thinkers, and organizers) discovered that they no longer *liked* the American people. They began to think of the people as racist, ignorant, bigoted, greedy, prone to illusion, and vulnerable to manipulation by Republican media and money. This is precisely how some influential Democrats, particularly in the media, have explained to themselves the overwhelming allegiance of Reagan Democrats (like me) to the "sleepwalking" years of the Reagan ascendancy. (Guess who was sleepwalking?)

Having strayed from the ordinary people of America, the Democrats came to like interest groups best of all. Why? Because interest groups hold meetings, they have organizations, they have highly trained professional staffs, they have money, and they are geared up to make their political weight felt in as many congressional districts as necessary. The party of government and the party of interest groups were made for one another.

The rub comes in trying to raise taxes to pay for all this. It is not that the Democrats mind raising taxes; we made an art of it in a period of inflationary expectations, when inflation itself delivered effortless increases in tax revenues. Democrats don't mind raising taxes, especially on "the rich"—defined as whatever percentage of taxpayers (about 1 or 2) earn incomes above a congressional salary (about $125,000). Here surfaces another reason why the Democrats have lost their old and fervent love for "the people." The latter don't *like* paying taxes. They suspect, alas, that "The Rich Я Us." And they are right.

Bill Clinton, of course, has recently added another wrinkle to the Democratic presidential election ritual. This consists in going before selected special-interest groups to deliver an insult or two. His intention is to show these interest groups that (unlike Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale, and Michael Dukakis) he can "stand up" to them. Simultaneously, the press gets the word out to all the special-interest groups, on whose votes the Democratic Party thoroughly depends, that this is smart politics: the Candidate is only *pretending* to attack them, so that he can get elected to fulfill their agenda.

Return Ticket

I LONG FOR the day when the Democrats give up being the party of government and return to being the people's party. This is where Ross Perot has stolen their lunch. For some twenty years, the Democrats simultaneously described government as duplicitous, under the control of mad generals, the military–industrial complex, and the CIA (in the tone so perfectly imitated in *JFK*), and called themselves "the party of government" without any sense of irony (not to mention of self-contradiction). The textbook name for this particular tactic is political suicide.

I wrote in 1972 that I would like to see the Democrats become again the party of families and neighborhoods, rather than of Hollywood and faculty clubs, and I still wish they would. I wish that they were still (much more than they now are) the party of Jews and Catholics and Southern whites, and able to come out of Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Gary, Chicago, and Omaha with large majorities among both blacks and white ethnics (as Bobby Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey used to do, before Jesse Jackson).

Instead, it is the Republicans who have understood the class profile of the American electorate. The top 20 per cent of Americans, defined roughly by annual income (above $55,000), years of schooling (college), and status (professional, managerial, salaried), is about equally divided. Half, the old elite, holds that the greatness of the United States springs from a stronger and more dynamic private sector. The other half, the New Class, holds that the country achieves its greatness by strengthening the public sector—to show that it is "caring," "compassionate," etc.

In both parties, elections these days draw most of their leading strategists, organizers, and activists from this top 20 per cent. Elections are won by persuading the other 80 per cent of the electorate to accept the leadership of one of these elites or the other. And here the Democratic hero nowadays falls flat on the field of combat. His elite has two Achilles' heels.

One is its addiction to higher taxes (only, they say, for "the rich"). But the other, and more fateful, Achilles' heel is the Democratic-leaning elite's cultural preferences. In this area it tends to align itself with the newest, flimsiest doctrines of the cultural and moral avant-garde, whose scorn for traditional values is palpable. For several elections now, it has been relatively easy to identify the Democratic standard-bearer with the values of this cultural elite. Like Newton's apple, elections fall into the lap of the majority who love American traditional values, quite according to the Law of Gravity.

Nowadays, however, the Democrats are getting smarter. They have begun to listen somewhat to values-oriented intellectuals and advisors, who understand what was best in the "old politics": its communitarian and family resonance. I mean philosophers like Bill Galston and public-policy strategists such as Al From and Will Marshall. Whatever centrist ballast the party is taking on comes from a growing band of people like these. If 1992 is as bad a presidential year for Democrats as some fear (and current polls suggest), then perhaps by 1996, led by such voices, Democrats will begin caring less about pleasing the glitterati and the press (who can't possibly get them elected), and expressing better the more traditional values of married couples, property owners, hard workers, and other who used to furnish them their best symbolism and deliver their biggest victories.

Should they succeed in this self-transformation, the Democrats will mount a real threat to the Republicans in 1996. As I have said (without effect) for many years, it will be good for the country (which would have been good for George Bush) if both parties—at least on these solid, basic issues—were competitive. □

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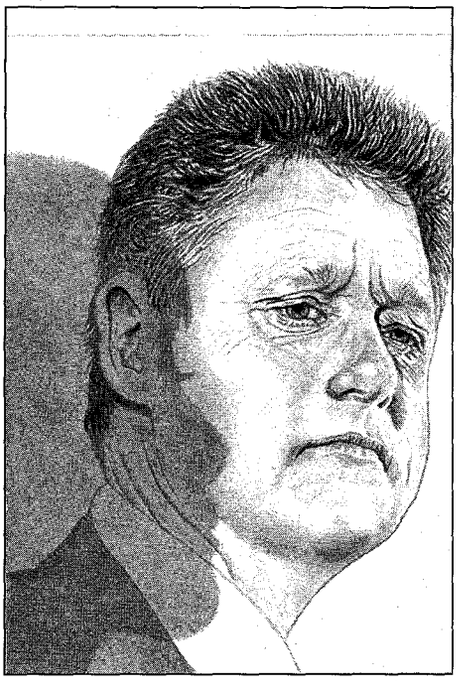

Clinton v. Clinton

MR. CLINTON COMES TO TOWN

Bill Clinton is the most viable Democratic presidential candidate since Jimmy Carter, which may not be saying much. His main problem is the people around him—and the person next to him.

WILLIAM McGURN

ONE WEEK before the Democrats were to meet in Santa Fe to hash out the first draft of their party platform, Bill Clinton was worried. The 22 men and women assigned to the task had been selected by Party Chairman Ron Brown, and it showed: carefully calibrated proportions of blacks, unionists, gays, women, etc. Nothing unusual here in Democratic circles. The committee was chosen to appeal to every group you need to get a Democratic nomination. And every group that's going to cost you come November.

So Clinton made three calls. One was to Al From, president of the Democratic Leadership Council (DLC), the last bastion of sanity in the Democratic Party. The other two were to Senator Joseph Lieberman and Representative Mike Espy, the former a moderate Orthodox Jew from Connecticut and the latter a moderate black from Mississippi. Mr. Clinton asked each of them to serve on the drafting committee.

Perhaps because the Democrats really think they have a shot this time, there were few fights at the drafting session. The Clinton people dropped plans to write a middle-class tax cut into the text, but they did get some of their stuff in. To be sure, the final version, approved just this past weekend, includes virtually all the old reliables such as scads more money for AIDS research, affirmative action, and abortion on demand and paid for by the government. But it also included some significant DLC language: a reference to business as a "noble endeavor," the statement that welfare recipients cannot stay on the rolls forever, and the phrase "personal responsibility." Not as far as the Russians, Poles, or Czechs have gone, mind you. But pretty revolutionary for the Democratic Party.

Mr. McGurn is NR's Washington Bureau Chief.

Will He Stick to It?

WILL MARSHALL of the Progressive Policy Institute, the think tank for the DLC, calls Clinton a "transitional figure" for the Democrats. "Bill Clinton has good ties and a natural affinity with the core constituency but understands the need for change to bring people back to the fold to win a presidential contest," says Marshall, in an office whose shelves are lined with such conservative works as Hernando de Soto's *The Other Path* and the Heritage Foundation's *Mandate for Leadership*. Marshall adds, however, that he doesn't think Clinton "has yet sufficiently separated himself from politics as usual" in the Democratic Party.

What worries Mr. Marshall is the same thing that worries conservative Republicans about George Bush: that he will dilute all the good things he says and does by embracing contradictory principles. In Mr. Clinton this split is even more pronounced than in Mr. Bush, because it exists in all parts of his life—his record, his campaign, and, above all, his marriage. Hillary Clinton's activism threatens her husband's candidacy by linking it to a class of people who are not just indifferent but hostile to Middle America.

"There's no question that Hillary Clinton has to address the Evita Perón syndrome," says former New York Mayor Ed Koch. "She has a strong following among some women, but she throws the fear of God into a lot of other women—and men—who think they might be electing two Presidents. I think he has to make it clear, without dis-ing his wife, that when she runs for President she'll do it on her own."

If Bill Clinton could be judged in isolation, without the Hillary factor, he would be much more credible as a break with the failed Democratic agenda of the last two campaigns. He got through the primaries with just token promises to the interest groups. And he delivered some gutsy messages. He favors the Free Trade Agreement with Mexico, and he told the United Auto Workers that to their faces. He went to an inner-city audience in Detroit and told them that they have to start understanding the fears and concerns of the middle class.

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He told the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees that he planned to cut 100,000 government jobs. He called for a limit on entitlements before the formidable American Association of Retired Persons. And when he took on Jesse Jackson for sanctioning Sister Souljah's racism, he did it in Jackson's home court—unlike George Bush, whose saved his L.A. law-and-order speech for a safe Republican fundraiser.

Mr. Clinton's record as governor also shows at least some independence from post-McGovern Democratic orthodoxy. Okay, he raised taxes umpteen times (128, to be exact), and if he made it to the White House the rich would be defined as anyone who makes more than $25,000 a year. Arkansas is one of the poorest states in the country—only three states have a higher rate of poverty, a lower per-capita income, and fewer people receiving Aid to Families with Dependent Children. Its school system ranks at the bottom. And it's one of only a handful of states that taxes food.

But this is no Massachusetts Miracle, either. Arkansas is one of the few right-to-work states in the nation. It has a death penalty, and Mr. Clinton has not shied away from using it. As governor, he supported a parental-notification bill. (Although his support for the Freedom of Choice Act apparently cancels that out.) Arkansas is one of only two states without a civil-rights law, and in 1987 the governor signed an English-only bill.

Still, moderate and conservative Democrats are less than enthusiastic. The Southerners in particular point out that Jimmy Carter was much less liberal than his Administration became, and much more conservative than Bill Clinton. And the two reasons they give for suspecting that the Left would again triumph if Clinton were elected are as follows: Mrs. Clinton, and the kind of people Mr. Clinton attracts.

Off the Record

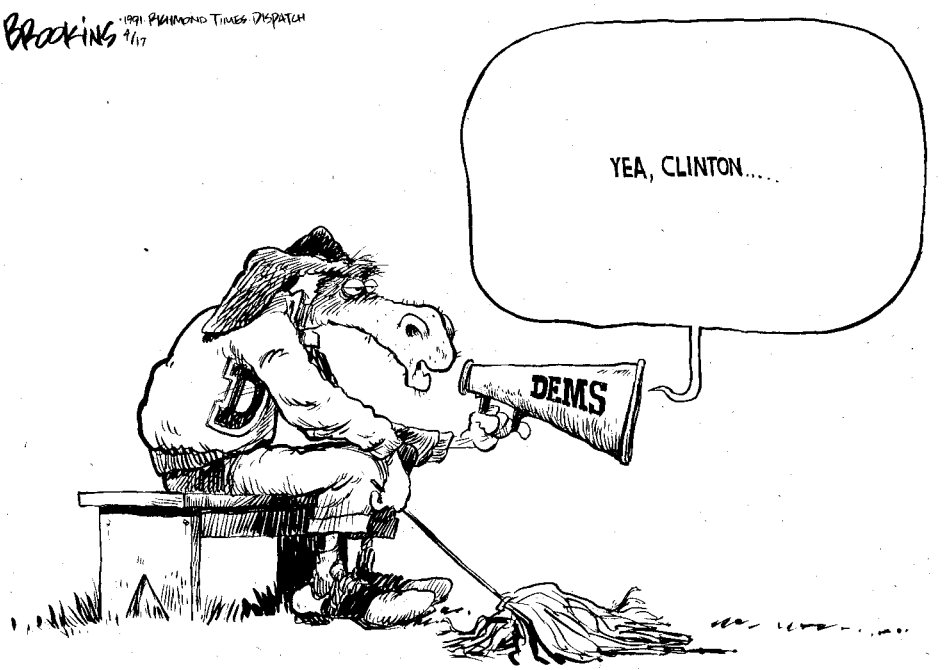
THE TWO are largely intertwined, not least because Hillary is Bill's first and most important personnel decision. Privately, smart Democrats are in a tizzy over Hillary. "Off the record?" asks one. "A f-----g disaster." Other characterizations include "a nuclear time bomb," "mighty mouth," and "Wilhelmina Horton."

And it's not just her snide remarks about mothers who stay at home or Tammy Wynette. Her work on behalf of the left-wing Children's Defense Fund has aroused some notoriety, but Hillary has been much more active in even more outré causes. In an superb article in the forthcoming *American Spectator*, Daniel Wattenberg points to her record on the Legal Services Corporation and the grants approved by the New World Foundation under her chairmanship, including $20,000 to the radical Christic Institute, $5,000 to the "education fund" of the Salvadoran Communist front CISPES, $15,000 to the National Lawyers Guild (founded in the 1930s as an adjunct to the American Communist Party), and scores of others, including William Kunstler's Center for Constitutional Studies. This is the same woman who helped vet Governor Clinton's choices for judicial appointments in Arkansas and would presumably do the same on a national level once in the White House.

Mr. Wattenberg calls her the "Winnie Mandela of American politics," and the name is apt. Although Bill has dropped talk about making Hillary, say, attorney general, she retains an extraordinary influence over the campaign. Within the campaign, Hillary and allies such as Susan Thomases, a like-minded lawyer, have waged the battle for what is variously called the 34 per cent or the 40 per cent strategy: the idea is that in a three-way race between Mr. Bush, Mr. Clinton, and Ross Perot, instead of reaching out to the disaffected middle the campaign should turn hard left. Other campaign figures, including James Carville [see "The Democrats' Lee Atwater," *NR*, July 29, 1991], pollster Stanley Greenberg, communications director George Stephanapolous, and campaign manager David Wilhelm, are bitterly opposed. They realize that even in a three-way race Mr. Clinton could not get the numbers to win without reaching out to Reagan Democrats, independents, and others that are now up for grabs.

Right now the candidate's own preference is pretty clear: he's for both strategies at the same time. The flap with Jesse Jackson is a perfect example. Mr. Clinton knows that one reason Dukakis and Mondale lost was that they allowed Jesse Jackson to make all sorts of demands at convention time. So his attack on Sister Souljah was a calculated snub. And it worked. But it was nowhere near the "big gamble" conventional wisdomist David Broder suggested it was. "It's a risk only if you have something to lose," says one of Clinton's Hill supporters. "If things kept going the way they were, and if Jackson were given his usual rein, Clinton was going to lose anyway."

On the other hand, Hillary's faction won the recent battle to keep the



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campaign headquarters in Little Rock, where she can exert more control, rather than moving it to Washington, and she is supported by a number of people in the Clinton camp who in no way can be described as moderates. Take the head of Mr. Clinton's convention team, Harold Ickes Jr., the son of FDR's secretary of the interior. Ickes has a pedigree that started with George McGovern and more recently had him helping Jesse Jackson during the last Democratic Convention.

The same holds true throughout the campaign. For every James Carville or Al From there's a Susan Thomases or Harold Ickes. Derek Shearer, for example, a top Clinton advisor, also started out with McGovern and only last year, at a conference sponsored by Ralph Nader, expressed his preference for using "the great euphemism": "While we can't use the S word [socialism] too effectively in American politics," he told the crowd, "we have found that in the great tradition of American advertising the word 'economic democracy' sells."

"It concerns us," says one Senate Democratic staffer. "One of the public's great fears about the Democratic Party is that no matter how conservative the candidate sounds, the kind of people he attracts—the kind of people that get appointed to assistant secretary and actually make policy—are left of center."

What Clinton Could Do

THE MOST dramatic way for Mr. Clinton to shift the center of gravity in his campaign is choose the right running-mate. For all the laughter over Dan Quayle, he is serving the President's purpose by putting the Bush–Quayle ticket back on the Reaganite path, at least on the social issues. Because the Perot and Clinton candidacies both remain unfocused, their choices for the second slot will indicate in which direction they intend to go.

Once again, Mr. Clinton has two problems. First, there aren't that many good picks out there, particularly if he intends to balance the ticket regionally. Worse still, anyone good is unlikely to be chosen because the people assigned to come up with names are part of the problem: Vernon Jordan, former Governor Madeline Kunin of Vermont, and Warren Christopher. These are the behind-the-scenes people responsible for the unappetizing list of would-be running mates: John Kerry, Jay Rockefeller (imagine Bush–Quayle campaigning as the "poor ticket"), Bob Kerrey, Bill Moyers, Joseph Lieberman, Pat Schroeder. With the exception of Senator Lieberman, none of these names are going to do much to entice former Democrats and disaffected Republicans and independents.

Yet probably the biggest barrier to a successful Democratic presidential candidacy is the party's positions on the social issues. DLC types like to think that they can make up ground here by appealing to the voters on economic issues (although the watering down of Clinton's economic program and his original plan to reduce the tax burden of the average American family by $350 per year shows how even these issues are affected by Democratic value judgments). Ed Rollins, who is now running the Perot campaign, has been fond of pointing out that almost half of the people described themselves as either evangelical or Catholic, a pretty good foundation for family issues.

This has recently been confirmed by a Wirthlin/*Reader's Digest* survey, which found that having children is the single biggest factor in how people vote—and that those people who are over 25 and have children outnumber marrieds without children and singles by almost 3 to 1. When the Democrats come out for unrestricted abortion and gay rights and condoms in high schools, they write off much of this vote. This was the message Governor Robert Casey (Pa.) took to the Democratic platform meeting in Cleveland this spring when he came out against the party's abortion plank.

"These guys think that people vote on issues and position papers," says Governor Casey. "In fact people vote on character and values. Because of our position on abortion people define us on a whole set of other issues and tune us out.

"I always use the analogy of the salesman. We never get to make our pitch because the door is slammed in our faces first because of this position." Add to this the high negative polling figures that both Bill and Hillary are running—about 40 per cent for Bill and 30 for Hillary—and you have a couple that make M. and Mme. Defarge look electable.

Although mainstream Democrats are far from convinced that Mr. Clinton will in the end pull the party out of the Carter–Mondale–Dukakis rut, they believe he's getting better. The Democratic Convention is the perfect opportunity for him to re-define himself to the American people.

What he has to do, says Mr. Marshall, is show that he has the "personal strength to override all the traditional Democratic claimants." Indeed, a public tiff with Jerry Brown or Jesse Jackson that showed Governor Clinton standing up to the left wing would only boost his chances. He might even start with his wife. □

At the Crossroads

MY HUNDRED DAYS

Not even the most cynical guessed what would be the biggest difficulty in booting Poland's Communists out.

RADEK SIKORSKI

IT WAS a Friday afternoon. I was on the roof of Chobielin, the old manor house I'm restoring, checking the tiles. They are old, and must be laid in an old-fashioned way; the workmen don't always get it right. This time they did, and I was just about to pronounce myself satisfied when one of them ran up, panting, from the keeper's lodge. There was a telephone call, he said, *all the way from Warsaw*.

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I ran back to get it. The sound was faint—the last mile of telephone cable leading to Chobielin is of pre-war vintage—but I made out the voice of Jan Parys, Poland's first civilian, non-Communist minister of defense. I knew him slightly; we belonged to the same political clubs in Warsaw. He had worked on negotiating the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Poland, and had a reputation for toughness.

When I was writing a book about Afghanistan, I had consequently brushed up against the British and American military establishments. Minister Parys was a staunch Atlanticist, interested in developing better links with those countries. Now, over the crackling telephone line, Parys asked whether I would become his deputy, responsible for security policy and foreign relations. It meant giving up my job, taking a salary of $266 per month, slowing down work on the house, and living in polluted Warsaw. I rang my fiancée; within the hour I rang the minister back and accepted.

Our First Mistake

THOSE telephone calls were our first mistake. They were bugged, and the listening ears of military intelligence were not friendly. While the old Polish security police had been purged two years earlier, military intelligence and counter-intelligence, known in Polish as WSI, were untouched. They did not like my appointment. I had traveled in Afghanistan on the side of the *mujahedin*, and in Angola with Savimbi. My sympathies were unlikely to lie with a corrupt, unreformed Communist secret service.

As soon as they heard my name, they knew exactly what to do. On Sunday morning—meaning that they had submitted the information, laundered through several hands, between Friday night and Saturday noon—the London *Observer* ran a short, nasty little story about me in its gossip column, full of mistakes. That article did what it was meant to do, causing a furor in Poland and calling the appointment to the attention of President Lech Walesa.

It is a time-honored method. In provincial societies, people presume foreigners are right. When the Communists wanted to broadcast something widely, they bounced the information off foreign sources, even if it had to be the *Morning Star*. Nowadays, when President Walesa wants to have flattering things said about himself, he gets the television news presenters to quote the *New York Times*, never the Polish press. The hack at the *Observer* patted himself on the back for his "scoop" the following week; I later confirmed that the WSI had been the ultimate source of the plant.

In practice, Poland has no libel laws: you can sue, but it takes years and the court usually awards negligible damages. Newspapers, even those aspiring to quality, laugh at the penalties and write what they want. It's as if the *Washington Post* maintained the standards of the *National Enquirer*. So I could do nothing when I was said to have lied about lectures I gave at British and American universities, when they hinted that British intelligence had paid my university fees, and insinuated a "friendship" with Minister Parys, whatever that meant. I could not object when I was pilloried for "disloyally" choosing to take a British passport when, in 1987, I thought I would never be allowed to return to Poland. Radek Sikorski really ought to be in jail, wrote one charming woman, for traveling armed in Afghanistan in 1986, without the permission of Poland's (then Communist) government. Even *Gazeta Wyborcza*, a newspaper which prides itself on its cosmopolitanism, hit positively Stalinist chords and called me "an agent of foreign capital." My crime was to have worked for a British company trying to secure investments in Poland. Throughout my hundred days in office, not once did a Polish journalist ring me to check a story.

But my worst offense, by far, was to be too pro-Western. Those who attacked me and Jan Parys the most viciously were either former Communists or old dissidents, whose sympathies also lie on the Left. There is virtually no newspaper, magazine, or radio station that one of these groups does not control. They fully supported the old Polish defense establishment, which had committed itself, if not to remaining in the Warsaw Pact, then at least to approaching the West at a snail's pace. I had not anticipated the sheer malice of the attacks. But then, I had not guessed who would be spearheading this drive away from the West, back toward the East.

In Jaruzelski's Seat

MY ministerial office was in a small villa across the street from the presidential palace. On the other side of the garden, the Soviet Embassy towered above me. General Jaruzelski was said to have recorded there the television speech announcing the imposition of martial law in December 1981. It felt odd to sit in an armchair from which orders for arrests and internments were once barked.

I didn't bother to have the villa swept for bugs. If our neighbors across the garden wanted to listen, a directional microphone would do the trick. Fortunately, the villa stood near Lazienki, a lovely park. Over the next few weeks I became good friends with the ducks in the pond, and I ordered a move to a different location as soon as possible.

My first day in office, I asked for a telephone connection to Brussels. "Three hours' wait, two with luck, minister," came the reply. Ordinary Warsaw phones already connect in a couple of tries. But I could not dial direct to anywhere outside Warsaw. Those trying to reach me were often connected to the teachers' common room of a primary school in another part of town. Yet I was responsible for the foreign relations of a 220,000-man army. I thought with admiration of my predecessor. How did he manage to do his job without talking to Washington, Moscow, or London several times a day? I threatened a couple of generals with early retirement, and a satellite line was installed.

True, an official, ministerial telephone stood by the side of my desk. It was a large chest covered with inscrutable dials and buttons, just like a time machine from a 1930s science-fiction movie. I told the staff to take it away and give me an ordinary Panasonic. They were surprised: "But minister, you are *entitled* to a telephone as large as this." Of all my office appliances only the shredder worked tolerably.

A Polish eagle with a crown, our pre- and post-Communist state symbol, hung on the wall. On the reverse side was an old cardboard portrait of

Mr. Sikorski, until he joined the Polish government, was NR*'s roving correspondent.*

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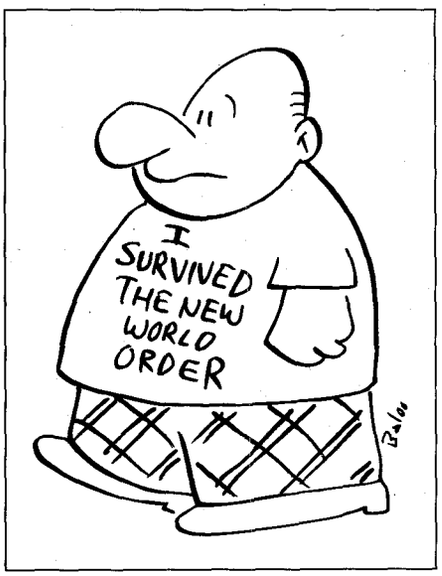
Lenin. You could change from Lenin to the eagle, or back again, with just a flick of the wrist.

I soon learned that, although I was a minister, there was virtually no ministry for me to run. I had an office, the defense minister had an office, and the other deputy defense minister had an office—and that was it. There was no policy department, no strategic think-tanks, and the first independent Polish operational plans since World War II were written on Parys's order. Until now there had been no need: plans had been made in Moscow and delivered in sealed envelopes. But we still received intelligence assessments that spoke of German revanchism rearing its ugly head and warned of menacing NATO aircraft encroaching on Polish airspace. Minister Parys said that these comments might be slightly misplaced; within a week, the reports described Soviet revanchism rearing its ugly head and menacing Russian aircraft. Promotions had always been given for political obedience rather than excellence of analysis. Old habits die hard.

The chief of my secretariat was a slow-witted, dull-eyed, sycophantic former Communist. While you cannot rid the Polish army of all its former Communist Party members (membership was required for promotion), you can try to distinguish between those who joined for pragmatic reasons—most of whom were excellent soldiers and very good officers—and those who were the active agents of Soviet control. This is not as hard as you might imagine. There is a Communist way of thinking, and a Communist way of behaving. Rather than taking a problem and finding a solution, someone trained in dialectical materialism will find an excuse for why the problem cannot be solved. Such a person will never give you a straight answer, never look you in the eye. Rather than saying what he believes is true or right, he tells you what he thinks you want to hear. I fired my chief of secretariat within the week. He has just recently been rehired, and given a promotion.

Minister Parys was also busy with personnel matters. At the first meeting of the Military Council, he asked for the resignations of any of the assembled generals who felt they could not support the idea of Poland moving closer to NATO. Soviet spies were also given seven days to come forward with impunity. Several did. We bade them farewell with toasts in Georgian champagne and gifts of garish landscape paintings. It was the most civilized purge ever conducted.

But while generals could be fired and my staff was under my control, the WSI were not. When we arrived, they were the last functioning Communist organization that could have taken control of the country, should a chillier wind begin to blow from the East once again. And until well after the August coup in the Soviet Union,



the WSI leadership in Poland still thought their time might come.

Remember: this was no ordinary military reconnaissance organization. After martial law, General Wojciech Jaruzelski, himself a former defense minister, had relied upon the WSI to run the army and the country. Current and past WSI officers owned apartments and had foreign bank accounts; they had gun-running and smuggling operations; they had their own sources of income and their own contacts in the East and the West. They were rich men, virtually self-governing, and they were far from unique in post-Communist Europe. They have Russian counterparts—also under unclear political control, if any—and I know of Rumanian ones as well. We will hear more of them in the years to come.

The Walesa Connection

AFTER JARUZELSKI'S fall, the WSI began looking around for a new patron. At just about the same time, Lech Walesa, Poland's newly elected president, was looking around for a new power base. Walesa had already alienated most of his former associates—first the old dissidents, then the new Right. He saw a weak parliament and an impotent government administration. He saw squabbling politicians and petty bureaucrats. No one seemed to have any real power—except the old guard. Instead of trying to build a new consensus, Walesa took the easy route. They would help him retain power, supplying him with information on ministers and potential challengers. He would keep their organization intact. There is no grand conspiracy—it was all perfectly sensible.

It still seems unbelievable, even to me, who watched it at close quarters. How Lech Walesa, the symbol of the anti-Communist revolutions of 1980 and 1989, ultimately came to cooperate with the very people he had deposed—and why no one predicted such an outcome—deserves a longer explanation than there is room for here. Perhaps it is sufficient to quote the London *Spectator* of November 24, 1990, where I tried to explain the Walesa phenomenon. I described him as "uncouth, unpredictable, irresponsible, dictatorial, vain, and manipulative," yet I still hoped that "he will find himself institutionally tamed . . . he will set a straightforward agenda and pursue it with his customary determination." But the moral authority of the Polish presidency was not good enough for him. Like the peasant he is at heart, Walesa likes the physical exercise of power; he likes to issue decrees, to order people about, to hire and fire ministers at will. No one understood this better than the old Communists, and no one was better prepared to help him.

Before Poland could be a credible partner for the West, the intelligence service had to stop leaking. And before our democracy could be secure, one branch of government had to be stopped from spying on another. Our first task was to purge the WSI.

We, the nominal bosses, had to capture the institution in a sudden swoop. Its chief was lured out of his office on a pretext; an armed team stood by to capture the archives in case of resistance. It was the death of Poland's last Communist institution. But that was also the day that the political battle between President Walesa and the

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government of Prime Minister Jan Olszewski escalated beyond repair. Walesa had been deprived of his private spy network, and he was livid.

The next skirmishes were over policy. In a Communist country, all government departments are ultimately run by the Politburo and the Central Committee. In a post-Communist country, it is as if you have removed the brain from the nervous system. It is confusing even if all the various branches have the same policy. It becomes a total muddle when, for example, the defense ministry and the prime minister want to bring the country closer to NATO, and the president does not.

There were amusing incidents. I was in Brussels, pestering NATO officials, hoping for broader contacts—things like help in teaching foreign languages to our officers—and trying to persuade them that Poland should lie within the NATO security perimeter. Unknown to me, Walesa was in Germany on the same day, advocating the formation of a new organization, comprising all post-Communist and post-Soviet countries, which he called "NATO-bis." Surprised, I rang his chancellery to find out what this meant. None of his staff knew. But it sounded a lot like the old Warsaw Pact. I wonder what our Western friends imagined our policy to be.

Later I was at a diplomatic party in Warsaw, chatting, as it happened, with the KGB station chief. "Don't you know?" he asked, surprised. "The Polish–Russian treaty has been finalized." I didn't know. Neither did the prime minister. Walesa, it emerged, was running his own foreign policy behind the government's back.

Now, we did not object to the idea of a treaty—a similar one was signed with Germany—but we did object to some of the clauses. One clause in particular. The Russians had agreed, at last, to withdraw their troops from Poland. But they wanted to maintain financial and intelligence assets in the country. Their military bases—which include airfields, barracks, and shooting ranges—lie, de facto, outside Polish control. They are already used to evade customs and excise taxes and to smuggle goods between Russia and Western Europe. They are huge money-making operations for the old Soviet military establishment. If anyone wanted to smuggle nuclear material out of Russia, they would have made the perfect route.

We wanted them closed. The Russians wanted to turn some of them into "joint ventures," legalizing their presence forever. Walesa wanted to go to Moscow and sign a treaty with his new friend, Boris Yeltsin, and he was prepared to let the Russians have their way. It was only the prime minister's veto—he sent a cipher to Moscow, categorically telling the president he did not agree to the clause—and the threat of a major scandal which forced the president to stand up to the Russians at the last minute. A new text was improvised and written out in longhand ten minutes before the signing ceremony.

It was our last success. Not long afterward, Parys was forced to resign. The prime minister hoped that his absence might induce the president to calm down. My resignation followed. A few days later, the entire government fell. Now, President Walesa has appointed the 32-year-old Waldemar Pawlak (so much for my being too young) as the new prime minister. Pawlak had been a leader of the former United Peasants' Party, a loyal ally to the Communist Party in Poland's old puppet parliament. He had negotiated on the Communist side during the roundtable talks that brought down the old regime in 1989. A prime minister who comes directly from the old Communist camp will not mind whom Walesa chooses for friends. So ended our battle.

New Fault Line

WERE WE really so controversial? When I came to the job, I was excited by the prospect of helping transform a Warsaw Pact army, trained and equipped by the former Soviet Union, into a modern Polish army, loyal to Poland only. I had hoped we could make our army into a realistic partner for the West and for NATO. It seemed, a few months ago, that we had a chance.

We were criticized for firing people. But while I am sorry about bringing so many illustrious Communist careers to an end, we couldn't talk about join-

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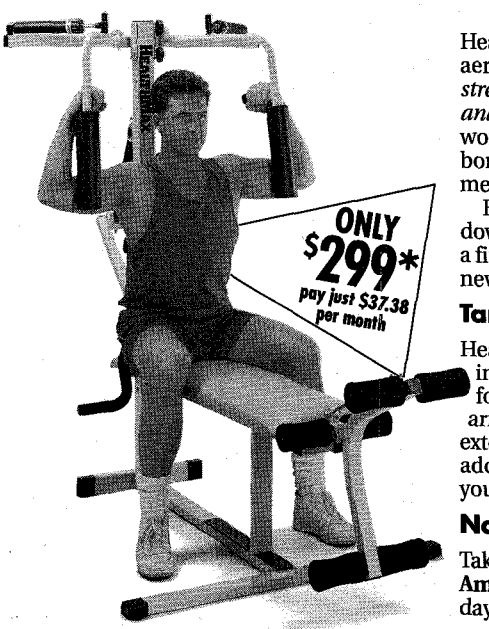

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ing NATO at the political level while our Moscow-trained operatives were getting caught conducting inept intelligence operations in Western capitals, while some of our Moscow-trained generals kept in touch with their old chums in Russia, and while our military hardware remained incompatible with that of the West. Changes had to be made. And while we were not trying to antagonize the Russians, we did need to disentangle our security apparatus from theirs. We came into conflict with the president, but that was not the point. Our real fight was not against Walesa himself, but against the network of Communist elites who plague the reform process all over the old Eastern bloc.

I fear that Europe is in danger of dividing again. The fault line will not precisely follow the Iron Curtain; it will separate enthusiastically pro-Western, pro-capitalist states from those that have not made a clean break with the past. On this reckoning, Hungary already lies on the Western side, while Bulgaria, Rumania, and the former Soviet Union look set to remain in the East. Czechoslovakia will probably divide, with Bohemia joining the West and Slovakia looking as if it will slide East.

Poland, whose confused political culture puts it right in the middle, could still go either way. If my hundred days mattered, it was because they coincided with the few months when Poland's leaders were trying to uproot the country's old Communist elites for good. We lost this round, but there will be another.

A few years ago, when I stood outside of Soviet-occupied Kabul, watching the *mujahedin* lob missiles into the city, I would have laughed if someone had told me I would so soon be deputy minister of defense in a free Poland. If the same person had then told me that in that free Poland I would be conducting a pitched political battle against Polish President Lech Walesa and his Communist allies, I would have told my informant that the fierce sun of the Hindu Kush had interfered with his grey matter. □

Maastricht, Round Two

HEADS IN THE SAND

Even skeptical European politicians want to keep Maastricht alive. Their constituents have no such agenda.

NOEL MALCOLM

THE British government was planning an amusing little ceremony for July 1, when it took over the rotating presidency of the European Community. A logo had been devised for Britain's six months in the presidential chair: a lion stepping into the EC's circle of stars. Someone thought it would be a good idea to bring a newborn lion cub to the press conference that day, and have it christened by a Foreign Office minister. Unfortunately, although several pregnant lionesses were located in British zoos, none could be guaranteed to deliver on time. One zoo offered a baby giraffe instead; but the offer was declined.

Foreign Office officials are notorious for their lack of imagination. Abandoning their search for cuddly mammals, they could have settled instead on the perfect symbol for the European Community at this crucial moment in its history: an ostrich with its head in the sand. Alternatively, a headless chicken could have been encouraged to run around in a few circles. For the truth is that, ever since the Danes rejected the Maastricht Treaty on June 2, the atmosphere in the council chambers of the EC has been frantic with indecision. The only consistent policy has been the desperate one of pretending that the Danish vote never happened.

There were no contingency plans. Non-ratification had been unthinkable; at least, it had been unthought. The whole of 1991 had been spent putting together the treaty (which commits the EC to economic and monetary union), and the whole of 1992 was earmarked for ratifying it in each of the 12 member states. Most of the treaty consists of amendments to the original document which set up the EC, the Treaty of Rome: for that reason, it requires unanimous ratification by all the countries that were (or later became) parties to that earlier treaty. If only 11 out of 12 ratify the Maastricht accord, it cannot function as a valid treaty. Without unanimity, it can have no effect whatsoever.

When the people of Ireland voted heavily in favor of the treaty two weeks later, a chorus of European foreign ministers declared that the Maastricht Treaty was "back on course." But the nautical metaphor was singularly ill-chosen. By voting no, the Danes had not perpetrated some minor navigational error that could be corrected by other voters elsewhere. They had sent the treaty to the bottom of the sea.

What had gone wrong in Denmark? The first error was to allow the Danish people to find out what was in the treaty. Half a million copies were printed, and they sold out within a week. "It is a mistake to let people see the treaty," said one prominent member of the European Parliament, the French socialist Jean-Pierre Cot; "they will only misunderstand it."

But many Danes seem to have understood it only too well. Their greatest worry was that, with the dismantling of frontiers and the merging of currencies, Denmark would become little more than a province of its giant neighbor, Germany. There were other concerns too: some disliked the idea of a common European defense policy, which might lead one day to their children having to serve in a European army, and others thought the treaty threatened the constitutional position of the Danish monarchy. Some feared that Denmark's high levels of social welfare would be reduced, and some objected to the proposed transfers of money from rich European countries to poor ones—not because they re-

Mr. Malcolm is foreign editor of the London Spectator.

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sented helping the poor, but because they preferred their money to go to genuinely poor countries in the Third World, instead of bankrolling inefficient industries in southern Europe.

The range of objections is wide, and it is reflected and amplified in many other EC countries. Generally speaking, objections to Maastricht are a privilege of the richer member states: the poorest members (Greece, Portugal, Ireland) are already dependent on subsidies from Brussels, and are promised even bigger handouts (styled "cohesion funds") under the Maastricht Treaty. The conclusive argument in Ireland was that for every Irish pound paid into the Community's coffers, Ireland receives six in return. But in Germany, the largest net contributor to EC funds, the high cost of membership is turning public opinion against Maastricht. In one recent opinion poll which asked, "Can Germany afford further moves toward European unity?" 75 per cent said no. Even higher percentages have been recorded in Germany against the plan to abandon the Deutsche Mark and create a new European currency—nicknamed "Esperanto money"—instead.

In France, on the other hand, the most popular objection is not to Eurocurrency, but to the treaty's plan for Eurocitizenship, which will entitle non-French nationals to vote in France's local elections. This plan required a change in the French constitution, which was agreed to by a special session of the legislature at Versailles on June 23; but the issue still rankles with French voters, who will have a chance to express their views in a referendum this fall.

Policy-makers v. People

WHEN ALL the objections to Maastricht are listed together, they may seem to amount to nothing more than a rainbow alliance of wildly different concerns—some right-wing, some left-wing, some practical, some constitutional. But if a single common theme emerges, it is that millions of ordinary voters feel that they have not been properly represented or even consulted. In Denmark all the major parties supported the treaty. In both Germany and Britain the two main political parties were, until last month, united in their official support for it. The British Labour Party is wavering now; some prominent Social Democrats in Germany have also criticized the treaty, but their party is still committed to ratifying it. Unprecedentedly, the failure of German politics to respond to public opinion was denounced in an interview by the federal president of Germany, Richard von Weizsaecker. "When you read in the constitution that political parties function by the will of the people," he said, "and compare that with what actually happens, it brings hot tears to the eyes."

Nevertheless, it is these out-of-touch politicians whose job it now is to salvage something from the wreck of the Maastricht Treaty. Their preferred solution, not surprisingly, is to do nothing; that is, to do nothing new, but merely continue with their own ratifications until, by the end of the year, Denmark can be shown to be the only country opposed to the treaty. They could then bully the Danes into either re-running their referendum on Maastricht in order to come up with the right answer this time, or having a referendum on leaving the EC altogether. Indeed, Chancellor Kohl has already started inserting into his speeches barely veiled hints that Denmark should either ratify or get out. But sooner or later Herr Kohl will realize that this could deepen the problem rather than solve it. Bullied into a second referendum on the same question, the stubborn Danes are even more likely to give the same answer; and if asked if they want to leave the EC altogether, they may perfectly well answer that they want to stay. "Yes to Europe, No to Union" was, after all, the slogan that won the "no" campaign its victory last month.

What none of the European governments can bring itself to face, it seems, is the prospect of re-negotiating the text of the treaty itself. Even the Danish government is now reluctant to do this, arguing that since people voted no for so many different reasons, it cannot confidently point to any single section of the treaty which could be sacrificed to obtain a yes. The German government has signaled its superstitious horror of re-negotiation by calling the treaty "a Pandora's box"—a revealing reference to the casket which, in Greek mythology, contained all the evils in the world. The reluctance of the British prime minis-

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ter to re-negotiate is more puzzling, given that he fought so tenaciously against several sections of the treaty in the original negotiations. Mr. Major now claims that to re-open those issues would be to risk losing the concessions he gained; this is unconvincing, given that the whole point of re-negotiation would be to make further concessions in the same direction to satisfy Denmark's needs. What seems to have happened is that the bravery of his isolated stand at Maastricht last December has grown to heroic proportions in his own memory: John Major has become emotionally identified with the result he obtained then, and does not want that achievement to be superseded now.

Sometimes Yes Means No

IF THE treaty cannot be rewritten, the next best solution is to add something extra to it. As one specialist in EC law cynically put it: "The idea is to tack on some further document which will explain that the treaty doesn't really mean what it says." The favorite theme for such a document is "subsidiarity," a concept from Catholic social theory which has become a buzz-word in EC circles. Roughly paraphrased as "the doctrine of minimum interference," or "the rule that decisions should be taken at the lowest level possible," it sounds like a good idea. But rough paraphrases are not enough: in order to counteract the huge accumulation of central powers in the hands of a federal European government, it needs a legal formulation precise enough and forceful enough to strike down government actions in court. No such formulation has yet been devised. One attempt at defining subsidiarity is already there in the Maastricht Treaty, but it is so badly phrased (a former president of the European Court has called it "a rich and prime example of gobbledygook") that, far from preventing the central authorities of the EC from framing more and more Eurolegislation, it will actually encourage them.

Even if such a magic antidote to Maastricht could be formulated, however, one final problem would remain. Such a statement would have to be inserted into the treaty itself or at least included in its final protocols. That means re-opening the text of the treaty, which all governments have agreed not to do. If, on the other hand, the antidote is contained in a separate declaration, it will have no legal force. Britain knows this only too well: at the last EC treaty negotiation, for the Single European Act in 1986, Britain insisted on adding a "declaration" to reserve the right of EC states to control the immigration of non-EC nationals. Last month the British government learned, to its surprise, that this declaration was legally worthless, and that if it tried to retain such immigration controls after the abolition of EC internal frontiers it would be forced to abandon them by the European Court.

The truth is that Maastricht can be salvaged only if it is rewritten. But the governments of the EC will neither rewrite it nor admit that it cannot be salvaged. Meanwhile the celebrations of Britain's presidency of this dynamic organization continue, with or without lion cubs. While an ostrich might symbolize the collective psychosis of the EC, the best symbol for the treaty itself would be one of those pets which, curled up and immobile in a corner of the cage, are imagined by their fond owners to be still hibernating, when they have in fact been dead and cold for months. □

Sister Souljah et Al.

PLAIN BROWN RAPPERS

Sister Souljah and Ice T may be telling the truth when they say their lyrics are lies.

JAMES BOWMAN

I meant what I said
And I said what I meant:
An elephant's faithful
One hundred per cent!
—*From* Horton Hatches the Egg
by Dr. Seuss

ALTHOUGH he is not exactly renowned for his faithfulness, Bill Clinton may be said to resemble the elephant in more than just its appetite as he eats his way through the grueling (more like porridging, actually) presidential campaign. At least his attack on the rap chanteuse, Sister Souljah, was a welcome attempt to penetrate the rhetorical fog in which Jesse Jackson lurks by calling his protégée to account for her words.

This is apparently not something one is supposed to do to a rapper. With the weary contempt of the sophisticate for the literal-minded, both Sister Souljah and another rap artiste, Mr. Ice T, have denied that their advocacy of killing white people meant what it said. "The song is fiction, not fact," says Ice T about "Cop Killer," which goes "Die, die, die, pig, die! / F--- the police!" and depicts the poet preparing to kill a policeman. "At no point do I go out and say, 'Let's do it.' I'm singing in the first person as a character who is fed up with police brutality. I ain't never killed no cop. I felt like it a lot of times. But I never did it."

Likewise, Sister Souljah denies that she meant what she said in an interview with the *Washington Post* about the Los Angeles riots: "If black people kill black people every day, why not have a week and kill white people?" Like Ice T she claims that this was dramatic license, designed only to represent the "mindset" of a typical rioter. "I was in no way advocating that people go out and kill anybody, whether white or black."

It is easy to dismiss such excuses as disingenuous. On her rap tape, called *360 Degrees of Power* and issued earlier this year by Sony Music Entertainment, Sister Souljah claims that black people are "in a state of war" with whites, that George Bush is a terrorist, and that "America's no damn

Mr. Bowman is the American editor of the TLS.

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good." No doubt she would say that it is only in the same spirit of dramatic empathy that she seems to advocate the killing of a black CIA agent and a policeman and imagines an official announcement by a white American President in 1995 that black slavery is to be reintroduced, but her persistent claims that "White people and the American government / Want to destroy Black African people wherever they are in the world" are pretty explicit to the naïve listener.

When a Liar Tells the Truth

YET TO SAY THAT may be in a way as much beside the point as to insist that statements like "We are at war" or "Slavery's back in effect" are meant to be all in good fun. It is always hard to tell when a liar is telling the truth, but I am inclined to believe Ice T and Sister Souljah when they say they don't really mean it.

That is not to say that I accept the loathsome assurances of the spokesmen for Time Warner who are trying to fend off a spreading police boycott of "Cop Killer," which that corporation produced. In an attempt to claim the noblest of motives for selling thousands of copies of this hateful recording, Gerald Levin, the president of the company, wrote in the *Wall Street Journal* of his "willingness not just to tolerate creative freedom but to encourage it, even when the viewpoints expressed run counter to the norms of our mainstream culture." Murder is to him evidently just an alternative "viewpoint" or "norm" to that of the "mainstream." Thus he rejects calls to withdraw the album: "Given the natural instinct of corporations to avoid controversy, that's undoubtedly the easiest course. But to follow it would be to dishonor the truth."

Gag! Who invited truth and honor in here? Next to such hypocrisy the rappers themselves are models of almost elephantine integrity. Yet there does seem to be independent evidence that Levin and others with a pecuniary interest in believing so may be right to say that even such explicit words as those of "Cop Killer" are not intended "to advocate an assault by black street kids on the police"—that, in short, rap does not mean what it says to those for whom it is intended.

In a vox-pop piece in the *Washington Post*, for example, more than one of the black interviewees piped up, apparently unprompted, that "Souljah used exaggeration to make a point" and that she was not to be taken literally. When she says, "I'll shoot that motherf-----," does she really mean that she only intends to beat him up? Perhaps it is true after all that, in the words of Mr. Antwan Parker, 18, of Southeast Washington, "You got to be black to understand it."

That is itself an exaggeration, but the truth of it is that what we are dealing with here is a peculiarly black version of the rhetoric of oppression. It is not that Sister Souljah or Ice T or even the Los Angeles ghetto dwellers for whom both of them have at various times purported to speak are actually oppressed; rather, they have inherited from their ancestors, who were, a form of speech and imagery characterized by a kind of fantastical moral chiaroscuro. So far from being a discussion of what Mr. Levin comically calls "the reality of the streets," it depends precisely upon its unreality—an unreality that takes the form of Mittyesque fantasies. Think of the ones you sometimes see in movies where a poor worm of a man imagines himself throttling some authority figure who is harassing him. It wouldn't be entertaining if there were any chance of his really doing it.

And entertaining, primarily, it is meant to be. The artistic effect of such poetry is comic, in the broadest sense. And sometimes in a more narrow sense too. Comic as in funny. Take, for example, another selection from Ice T's *Body Count*, the album which contains "Cop Killer." It is called "Momma's Gotta Die Tonight."

She taught me things that simply
were not true.
She taught me hate for race—
That's why I hate you!
There's only one way I can make it
right:
Momma's gotta die tonight.

So he gets some lighter fluid from the corner store, douses her bed in it, and sets her on fire. When she gets up, he clubs her with the Louisville Slugger she got him for his 12th birthday, then cuts her up in little pieces with a handy carving knife ("that we only use on special occasions like bulls---Thanksgiving"), puts her into some "little green Hefty bags," and distributes her parts all over the country:

Yo, you wanna go to Connecticut,
bitch?
Ohio, Detroit, Texas, L.A.?
Who's laughin' now, momma?
Who's laughin' now, bitch?

We are, clearly. What is interesting here is not only that the authority figure who becomes the object of Ice T's violent fantasies can just as easily be his own mother as a policeman, but also that she deserves to die for having taught him racial hatred:

So if you got a mother or a
grandmother or a father

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Who wants to carry on the same racist bulls--- that's
F----- this world up from day one

you can go and do likewise. Poetically speaking, of course.

Ugly as this imagery is, it occurs in a highly moral context. It is like Richard Wright's *Native Son* chanted by an evangelical black preacher. Sister Souljah, too, is at times a moralist of a surprisingly old-fashioned kind:

If you're going with a brother
And all you have is his beeper number,
That's not your man.
If you never met his momma,
That's not your man.
If you never been to his house
That's not your man.
And like my great-grandmother used to say:
Who buys the goddam cow when you can get all the milk for free?

Imagine what the feminists would say about that traditional image! But Sister Souljah is as scathing about feminists as she is about the police:

White feminists say that they are the sisters of Black women,
Ask you to join their women's movement,
And then they want to give you five hundred reasons why
You should leave your Black man
And let them eat your . . .

Well, that's a little below the belt. But Sister Souljah is no liberal:

White people give you welfare with a set of rules and restrictions
Designed to keep you on welfare, ignorant and lazy,
And then talk about you on TV.

In such a context, the rap about the police is at least understandable, and the talk of killing whites has about it a rough and ready sort of morality. That was the point of Sister Souljah's bringing up the Code of Hammurabi and the lex talonis with the *Washington Post* interviewer, and of these lines in "The Hate That Hate Produced":

They say two wrongs don't make it right
But it damn sure makes it even.

Both the morality and the violence in these songs are nine-tenths disconnected from reality. That is why they

(Continues on page 53)

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It's a Wonderful Life, Professor

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

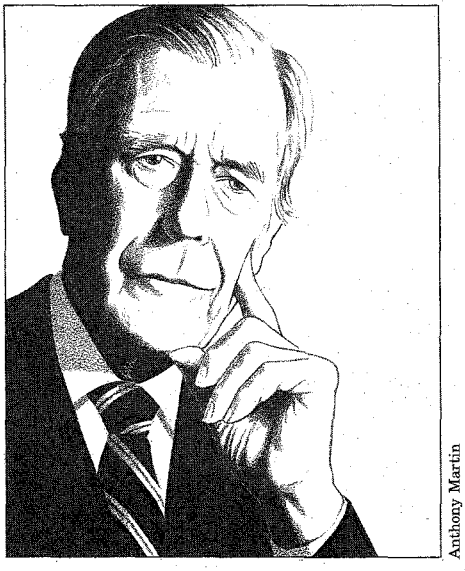
IT IS FORTUNATE for Professor Galbraith that he was born with singular gifts as a writer. It is a pity he hasn't used these skills in other ways than to try year after year to bail out his sinking boats. Granted, one can take satisfaction from his anti-historical exertions—the reader gets subversive pleasure out of his Sisyphean labors, and some wholesome pleasure from his yeomanry as a sump-pumper. Indeed his rhythm and grace recall the skills we remember having been developed by Ben Hur, the model galley slave whose only request of the quartermaster was that he be allowed every month to move to the other side of the boat, to ensure a parallel development in the musculature of his arms and legs. I for one hope that the next time a nation experimenting with socialism or Communism fails, which will happen the next time a nation experiments with socialism or Communism, Ken Galbraith will feel the need to explain what happened. It's great fun to read. It helps, of course, to suppress wistful thought about those who endured, or died trying, the passage toward collective living to which Professor Galbraith has beckoned us for over forty years, beguiling the sub-literate world, here defined as those whose knowledge of what makes the world work is undeveloped.

The Culture of Contentment, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin, 184 pp., $22.95)

His current conceit is that the United States has become a "culture of contentment." His objective is to account for our failure to expand the public sector at a faster rate than we are doing.

His tone of voice, in describing the culture of contentment, is indispensable to the psychiatrist's posture at the bedside of the patient. The reason the United States is . . . stuck with its fixed ways is that we are ruled by a class of contented Americans who like it this way because this way leads to a continuation of their contentment at the expense of the less fortunate. They manage their continuation in power by a series of political and philosophical stratagems apparent only to careful students of the knavish practices of the contented.

Now in defining the culture of contentment, Professor Galbraith has some easy and some not so easy explaining to do. His first problem is that the United States is, after all, a democracy, with a universal franchise; so that if the majority of us were agonizing in a cauldron of discontent, all we'd need to wait for is the next election. Ah! JKG thought of that, and here is the explanation: 1) Enough Americans are living off the larder of contentment to overwhelm the exploited minority. And then, 2) that minority who are discontented have no reason to believe that political action works, and accordingly they don't bother to vote.



Anthony Martin

Then there are concrete clusters of people, and philosophical lacunae. He deals with these. The farmers, for instance. "Agriculture works well only under a widely accepted and much celebrated form of exploitation, that by the farmer of himself, his family, and his immediate hired hands." The farmers are kept docile by subsidies and by refreshing the working class as required, inasmuch as we all see "the need for the resupply or, less agreeably, for keeping some part of the underclass in continued and deferential subjection." The thing to remember is that they are not in revolt against their revolting work.

And then we have Social Security, which brings a measure of contentment to the aging: thus are they pacified into accepting the status quo.

The manufacturing class is pacified by our longtime program of heavy weaponry, done to satisfy our paranoiac concern over world Communism and its alleged appetite to control the world. Billions of dollars were spent and are being spent on useless military armament, the only purpose of which expenditure is to enrich the contented class. How did this come about, given the anti-military tradition of post–World War I America? Simple: "Weapons expenditure, unlike, for example, spending for the urban poor, rewards a very comfortable constituency . . . Until World War II, the fortunately situated in the United States, the Republican Party in particular, resisted military expenditures, as they then resisted all government spending. In the years since, the presumed world-wide Communist menace, as frequently it was designated [Correction. It wasn't designated as a "presumed world-wide menace," but as a "world-wide menace"], brought a major reversal: those with a comfortable concern for their own economic position became the most powerful advocates of the most prodigal of military outlays." In other words, the rich decided it would pay off to have huge military war expenditures. Communism was convenient. It remains unclear why fascism wasn't convenient for the same reasons twenty years earlier.

Mr. Galbraith moves on to absorb phenomenon after phenomenon, his

Mr. Buckley's most recent book is WindFall: The End of the Affair.

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responsibility being rather like that of the Marxist scholar, to integrate any event into the grand ideological picture. About the Savings & Loan fiasco he is at his most indignant. He grooves the scandal into his syllabus by nice little evasions. "The once modest insurance of desposits by the Federal Government was raised to $100,000 on each S&L account. The selective view of the role of the state was never more evident. The foregoing changes were variously enacted or instituted mainly in the early 1980s. They set the stage for what was by far the most feckless and felonious disposition of what, essentially, were public funds in the nation's history." As to the indictment, Mr. Galbraith is correct: the S&L bailout—a government deed—is indefensible. As to the responsibility for it he is mischievously vague. "*The foregoing changes were variously enacted or instituted mainly in the early 1980s.*" The relevant changes were the suspension of Regulation Q, which limited the powers of S&Ls to pay interest; and the rise from $50,000 to $100,000 in deposits protected. Both these measures were taken by the Carter Administration in 1980. Unless "the early Eighties" translates to "1980," Mr. Galbraith is guilty of misrepresentation. Few scholars would word such a sentence as, "Pearl Harbor took place in the early 1940s."

And so on. The reason we have a volunteer military is? That the contented find that on the whole it is safer not to join the military than to join it—so why not pay others to do so? (This does not explain the number of otherwise contented young men who apply to go to West Point and Annapolis, but never mind.)

Everything, in a word, is organized around the idea of satisfying the contented class, including such conformity of thought as issues from the modern corporation. Mr. Galbraith has been trying to kill off the big corporation ever since *The New Industrial State*, in which he exaggerated the powers of the "technostructure" in order to establish that big business runs America. This insight America has never discovered, behaving most disobediently, by bankrupting hypothetically invincible businesses.

Where Mr. Galbraith gets ugly, and I need to say this with some gravity inasmuch as I write about someone for whom I have respect and affection, is in his handling of social theorists who are inconveniently situated in his Boschean tableau. George Gilder he mentions, though almost in passing, as a bard of the social usefulness of adversity. He cites Gilder's observation that "in order to succeed, the poor need most of all the spur of their poverty." In the author's hands this ceases to be a point of sociological interest, true or false: it becomes only a part of the psaltery of contentment: one more hymn praising the persistence of poverty. Professor Arthur Laffer, who was the idiomatic godfather of supply-side economics, Mr. Galbraith dismisses as though his insights were of zero interest: "It is not clear that anyone of sober mentality took Professor Laffer's curve and conclusions seriously. He must have credit, nonetheless, for showing that justifying contrivance, however transparent, could be of high practical service." In other words, Laffer was propelled only by his ideological anxiety to stroke a ruling class.

Where Mr. Galbraith is inexcusable in his search for disingenuousness is in his handling of Charles Murray, a meticulous scholar of liberal background whose book *Losing Ground* is among the social landmarks of the postwar era. His handling of Murray: "And in the mid 1980s the requisite doctrine [needed by the culture of contentment to justify their policies] became available. Dr. Charles A. Murray provided the nearly perfect prescription. . . . its essence was that the poor are impoverished and are kept in poverty by the public measures, particularly the welfare payments, that are meant to rescue them from their plight." Whatever Murray's modifications, "the basic purpose of his argument would be served. The poor would be off the conscience of the comfortable, and, a point of greater importance, off the federal budget and tax system."

So much for the masterwork of a scholar who has wondered diligently why the expenditure of $2.6 trillion has not done much to help the poor, and has certainly done much to hurt the poor.

John Kenneth Galbraith can't free himself from his fixations, and it doesn't much matter how overwhelming the evidence: he merely finds a new set of metaphors on which to hang his wardrobe, the current being the "contented" class. Nothing penetrates his comprehensive illusion. He managed, in the Seventies, an entire book about China, which he visited while it was in the throes of the Cultural Revolution, in which he could find to criticize only that the Chinese smoked too many cigarettes. Ferdinand Mount, reviewing *Economics and the Public Purpose* in NATIONAL REVIEW in 1973, made the point that Professor Galbraith "is not an economist at all. He is a preacher, and a preacher of the most uncompromising sort. Hence his popularity. Most people have little relish for economic argument but everybody likes a good Hellfire sermon. Better still, Galbraith is irreverent, even raffish. His manner is unbuttoned, almost unfrocked." I suspect this is the reason for his extraordinary popularity in Japan. That is good news for those who worry about Japan's economic pre-eminence. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau cited Galbraith as his favorite economist, from which moment on the economic decline of Canada began. □

Wills to Power

JEFFREY HART

GARRY WILLS is an intelligent man, a serious scholar, and the author of some 16 books, including the present one, perhaps his masterpiece. His books vary widely in quality, but even when they are sloppily constructed, as is *Under God*, or wrong-headed, as is *Inventing America*, they nevertheless are serious, original, and with much else to recommend them. *Lincoln at Gettysburg* is perhaps Pulitzer Prize stuff; and I would place just behind it his *Cincinnatus: George Washington and the En-*

Lincoln at Gettysburg: The Words That Remade America, by Garry Wills (Simon & Schuster, 315 pp., $23)

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lightenment, which had to do with the representation of George Washington in art and, despite some iconographic lapses, was superb.

But Garry Wills, scholar, has a dark Doppelgänger, a sort of Rameau's nephew, in the form of Garry Wills, journalist. In *Esquire*, *Time*, and *The New York Review of Books*, this Doppelgänger disports himself to curious effect.

He first appeared in *Esquire* in 1968 with an essay on the presidential campaign of that year, which became the germ of his book *Nixon Agonistes*. The precedents set in that essay were alarming. Wills got an interview with Richard Nixon one night aboard the campaign plane. The candidate was tired, and preferred to converse with the reading lights off, but was otherwise relaxed and communicative. Wills, in writing about it, instructed us that Nixon, self-conscious about his famous face, was more relaxed with the lights off.

Thus the first recorded appearance of the Garry Wills Bogus Insight. If you don't have a genuine insight, well, manufacture one. The Bogus Insight, unfortunately, is pervasive in Wills's journalism.

As is a wide streak of meanness that is entirely absent from his best books. In a recent piece in *Time* on the appeal of Ross Perot, Wills called Paul Tsongas a simp; whereas Tsongas in reality is a thoughtful and intelligent man. In the same essay Wills called Pat Buchanan a "thug"—which, written about a man with Buchanan's sense of humor and personal decency, couldn't be more untrue.

Wills was vastly impressed by the Black Panthers of the 1960s and listened wide-eyed to their hyped-up revolutionary talk. Needless to say, there occurred no Second Civil War, and the Panthers—who were not revolutionaries but dealers in protection, drugs, women, and other commodities—have evaporated.

An ominous turning point, downward, in Wills's journalistic career came with his 1963 review of James Baldwin's book *The Fire Next Time* in NATIONAL REVIEW. Despite a large amount of hysterical hyperbole in the Baldwin book, and despite such vulgarisms as a reference to Jesus as a minor sunbaked prophet, Wills swallowed whole this angry scam and pronounced it a masterpiece.

This kind of journalism has not been without its effect on his less successful books. *Nixon Agonistes*, for example, is based on the Bogus Insight that Nixon was the last individualist and the last free-marketeer. In fact, Nixon governed as a moderate liberal statist—food stamps, model cities, price controls, the whole schtick.

We can, in fact, formulate an invariable principle as regards Wills's books. To the extent that they have anything to do with his journalism, they are, and will be, flawed or worse. The corollary works perfectly. *Lincoln at Gettysburg* is entirely uninfected by whatever virus infects the Wills Doppelgänger.

Chang Park

He demonstrates how Lincoln changed conclusively the bearing of Jefferson's "all men are created equal" clause. In the Declaration of Independence itself, this clause was directed at monarchy, at least at first at George III. Lincoln, Wills argues, redirected it—at least at first—toward American domestic policy.

A disinterested reading of the Declaration would go as follows: It is a declaration of *independence* from England, and everything in it tends to that purpose. In the manner of Jefferson's contemporaries it begins with commonly accepted generalizations (as in Johnson's *Preface to Shakespeare*, or Burke's *Reflections*), establishing, as it were, a consensus of the educated, and then proceeds from the general to the specific: the bill of particulars against George III.

In the context of a declaration of *independence*, the "all men are created equal" clause means that the king, and derivatively England, has no inherent right to govern Americans. Since this is "self-evident" except to monarchists, it tends to undercut monarchy itself.

I am persuaded that the language of the Declaration was meant to appeal to the enlightened French opinion of the time, where "rights" were in the foreground of discourse. We could not have won the war without French help, and shrewdly sent Benjamin Franklin as our ambassador to Paris.

Lincoln, "four score and seven years" later, brilliantly redirected the "equal" clause homeward, taking it to mean that no man has an inherent right to own another man and thus, to put it one way, "de-monarchizing" American domestic arrangements.

Wills uses his classical scholarship beautifully in demonstrating the etiology of the Gettysburg address and the context in which it was delivered. The form of the address derives from Greek funeral orations. It borrows from the Bible its imagery of death and re-birth. The battlefield burial recalls Marathon. Pantheist ideas and strong currents of transcendentalism are suffused through the whole. Wills has led us on an extraordinary intellectual journey.

Yet one important question remains to be adjudicated. In the recent book *The Radicalism of the American Revolution*, which Wills could not have read before writing *Lincoln at Gettysburg*, Professor Gordon Wood discusses the "de-monarchization" of American society from a different angle. He argues that the real American revolution was social, a matter of feeling, manners, and mores. That is, it was resolved through the Revolution that neither position nor wealth made one *better*. Americans no longer had "betters" in the English sense. What they had were democratic manners. This spiritual–social change at the time of the Revolution would also connect with Lincoln's adaptation of the equality clause.

But, and this is a large but, are we "dedicated" to the endless pursuit of equality of *condition*? Lincoln did not think so and neither do I. Garry Wills does not explore that question. □

Mr. Hart, an NR *Senior Editor and professor of English, is the author most recently of* Acts of Recovery *(University Press of New England).*

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A Clearing in the Jungle

MAURICE CRANSTON

Janet Hamlin

THE TITLE of R. Emmett Tyrrell's new book may puzzle some American readers, as it will surely puzzle readers elsewhere. A conservative crack-up? In Western European elections, conservatives have done better than any other parties, and Eastern Europeans, offered at last an alternative to Communism, have widely preferred the conservative option. However, Tyrrell's subject is America, and it is there, he argues, that conservatism has come to grief and missed its destiny.

The Conservative Crack-up, by R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. (Simon & Schuster, 319 pp., $23)

Bob Tyrrell is often described as a satirist, a humorist even, and certainly this new book is witty, at times as hilariously funny as anything he has written. But the author emerges as a man of moral seriousness, who sees the prospect of conservative government without conservative philosophy as ruinously flawed. He examines the several strands of conservative thought which compete for the assent of American minds today and finds each for one reason or another inadequate. Above all, he is disturbed by the tendency of so-called conservative politicians to decide policies *ad hoc* by the crudest pragmatic criteria, and to shun what he calls ideas.

Of course it will be said that practice without theory has a respectable place in the American political tradition, but Tyrrell's protest is directed at something else: practice without thought. Is conservatism really reduced to this? So far as one can tell from the perspective of a foreign shore, the presidential campaign offers little to refute Tyrrell's strictures.

Tyrrell's book is partly autobiographical, and he emerges from the book as a very attractive personality, rather as one imagines Edmund Burke might have been as a young Irish journalist disturbing the slumbers of the Tory grandees in eighteenth-century London. Tyrrell tells us how he found time at college in Indiana, between long hours of training to be a champion swimmer, to set up the political journal that eventually became *The American Spectator*. It was a gesture of resistance against the domination of campus life in the Sixties by the liberal–Marxist alliance.

His journalistic success enabled Tyrrell to make the acquaintance of eminent conservative thinkers in America and elsewhere. He watched the transformation of liberals such as Irving Kristol into neoconservatives. He visited Malcolm Muggeridge in his English country cottage, and endured the vegetarian nonconformist lifestyle of that charming ex-Communist in order to learn the tenets of Christian pessimism. He saw rather less of Michael Oakeshott, but accepted from him the central message that conservatism is not an ideology but a disposition, not a program for action, but a set of general considerations in terms of which to appraise any such program. To this element of reflection Tyrrell attaches much importance.

Tyrrell is fascinated by the doctrinal differences within conservative thought, but he claims that they are not substantial enough to divide the conservative movement. They are too rarefied, he says, "to become issues of national controversy." What he calls the conservative crack-up cannot, he insists, be ascribed to differences within conservatism, but is to be explained by the fact that by the late 1980s many conservatives simply ditched politics and went home.

Tyrrell wants to defend the life of politics as Aristotle might, as a worthy, manly life. He has a high regard for the true statesman of whatever persuasion, and speaks as respectfully in these pages of Franklin Delano Roosevelt as he does of Ronald Reagan (pointing to similarities between those two Presidents which few others have observed). He only laments that Mr. Reagan did not set up brain trusts in the White House as Roosevelt did.

If Orwell was so effective a scourge of the Left, it is because he was a man of the Left; Tyrrell will disturb the Right because he belongs to the Right. The voice of puritan democracy which Alexis de Tocqueville detected in America in the 1830s can be heard again in this book. "Country-club Republicans," as Tyrrell calls them, will not like it, nor perhaps will any conservative who believes that the world is in order as it is.

When Tyrrell published *The Liberal Crack-up* several years ago, he did not mean to suggest the liberals were a spent political force. He showed rather how liberalism had lost its coherence and integrity. What conservatism appears to have lost then is its intellectual vitality. This suggests an even worse predicament. Liberalism talking rubbish can still keep talking; an inarticulate conservatism falls silent.

"The Liberal Crack-up," Tyrrell writes, "was caused by acts of extravagance; the Conservative Crack-up was brought on by acts of omission. Even as the liberal was brought down by too much imagination, the conservative was laid low by too little." Tyrrell does not reproach the conservative for cherishing the private, only for neglecting what is public: "The danger is that the conservative will never leap to political action, or . . . his leap will be amateurish and mediocre and late."

In an election year every American voter ought to read Tyrrell's book. It opens a clearing in the jungle of unprincipled politics. □

Mr. Cranston is a professor emeritus at the London School of Economics.

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MULTIMEDIA

Gray Matter

JOE QUEENAN

IN 1984, the wispy monologist Spalding Gray landed a small part in *The Killing Fields*, the Roland Joffe film that can still occasionally be seen on Ted Turner's Khmer Rouge Cable Channel. Over the next couple of years, Gray repackaged his movie-making experiences into a monologue, which became the entertaining 1987 film *Swimming to Cambodia*. Gray spent the next four years writing a totally unreadable, 1,900-page novel, *Impossible Vacation*, which Knopf has since trimmed down to a readable but totally unnecessary novel of the same name (228 pp., $22). Simultaneously, Gray has repackaged the experiences he had while writing his unreadable novel into an entertaining film called *Monster in a Box*. This would seem to suggest that four or five years down the road, he will repackage his experiences while composing an unlistenable opera or choreographing an unwatchable ballet into an entertaining film called *Think Tank of the Gods* or *Slouching toward Martha's Vineyard*. This guy has a great, great job.

As a monologist, Gray is the third and, some might say, the brightest star in a very tiny constellation, which includes Eric Bogosian and Garrison Keillor. (Monologists, for those unfamiliar with the art form, are stand-up comics who have read R. D. Laing.) Unlike the angry not-so-young-man Bogosian or the gnomish rustic Keillor, Gray is a standard-issue neurotic, of a type New Yorkers will easily recognize, since everyone in New York either is or has lived next door to Spalding Gray. With his flowing mane of unstylish grey hair and his tidy lumberjack shirts (I didn't know Ralph Lauren made Great Northern Woodsmen Shirts in extra-extra-small), Gray has been described as a WASP Woody Allen. This description is appropriate, in that Gray, like Allen, is dissatisfied with being a talented comic; he also feels a need to display his brooding, serious side, even if this means tying both his hands behind his back, artistically speaking, by writing material that isn't funny. In this sense, *Impossible Vacation* is Spalding Gray's *Interiors*. Only not as awful.

It is not necessary to have read *Impossible Vacation* in order to enjoy *Monster in a Box*, just as it is not necessary to have seen the Cleveland Indians play in order to enjoy jokes about the Cleveland Indians. Like all contemporary American novels, *Impossible Vacation* is a thinly veiled autobiographical account of a fortyish intellectual's inability to cope with the fact that his parents ruined his life. Like all contemporary American nov-

Mr. Queenan is author of the forthcoming Imperial Caddy, *a biography of Dan Quayle.*

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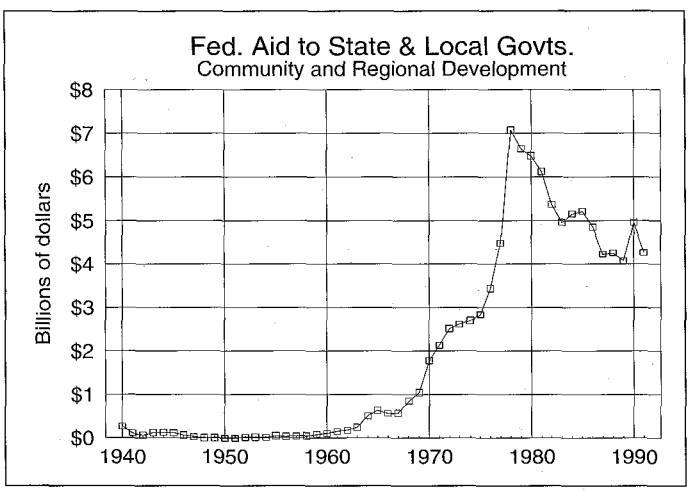

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els, *Impossible Vacation* showcases an insane mother and an absent father, and has tons of stuff about drugs, booze, sex, and the Sixties. Like all contemporary American novels, *Impossible Vacation* includes mind-bogglingly bad sentences such as: "On the other side of her rage, I found a calm center that I could be quiet with."

Happily, *Monster in a Box* has none of the failings of *Impossible Vacation*. The elfin monologist sits at a table on a darkened stage in front of a barely visible audience, and does his schtick for an hour and a half. On the table is his pre-Knopfized, 1,900-page manuscript; he also has a few other props such as a microphone. The film starts slowly, as Gray runs through his unsuccessful attempts to write his novel at a famous artists' colony in New England, but it picks up steam once the narrative shifts to the West Coast. Gray informs us that he only wanted to work in the movie business because of the fabulous health insurance. He then careens off into a funny riff about being hired by a cable network to find and interview residents of L.A. who are not working on screenplays. Next, he is hired by a film studio to fly to Nicaragua and check out the Sandinista revolution. He finds himself in the company of left-wing dentists and academics so bursting with piety that he is convinced the plane cannot crash: because earnestness alone would keep it aloft.

The Sandinista set piece gives way to an overly long monologue about Gray's fear that he has contracted AIDS through a fleeting liaison with a Stage Door Judy. Because the Monster in a Box has now grown to gargantuan proportions, his therapist recommends that he come in for three sessions a week. The therapy routine—Son of Woody Allen material—also goes on too long, but Gray regains his stride when he describes his experiences at a film festival in Leningrad at which he found himself answering the question, posed by a solemn Soviet film buff: "Why did Dustin Hoffman take that role in *Tootsie*?" Shortly after a lumbering final routine about receiving dismal reviews for his performance in a revival of *Our Town*, the movie ends.

A man who gets up on a darkened stage and tells mildly entertaining stories about his neuroses for an hour and a half is wise to call himself a "performing artist" or an "avant-garde actor" or a "monologist" because that way his talents will be compared only to those of his fellow performing artists, avant-garde actors, and monologists. But the appropriate comparison really is with stand-up comics, who can be just as literate, sophisticated, and intelligent as any of our Bogosianics. When this comparison is made, the results are not as favorable. Gray's audience is the serial chuckler rather than the belly-laugher; the Swimmer to Cambodia does not have the talent or the material to seize an audience by the throat the way Richard Pryor or Robin Williams can, and he is nowhere near as funny as the young Woody Allen or even the young Eddie Murphy. He is NPR's idea of what a comic should be: a Bob Newhart who has been to Europe. It's hard to see what all the fuss is about. □

FILM

From Paramilitary to Paraplegic

JOHN SIMON

Alan Nahigian

PROBLEMS SEEM to have beset ***Patriot Games*** from the outset. Alec Baldwin dropped out to play Stanley in the Broadway revival of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. (As far as I'm concerned, he could have stayed in Hollywood.) Harrison Ford was brought in as a replacement for nine million dollars as opposed to Baldwin's modest four. Then Tom Clancy, on whose novel the film is based, spread the angry rumor that the screenplay betrayed the book. Phillip Noyce, the Australian director, had difficulties in presenting the Irish terrorists. Even though they are carefully made members not of the IRA, but of some fanatical splinter group, you must beware, in these politically correct days, of offending anybody. Finally, the underwater duel in the film's climactic sequence did not register clearly enough, so the fight had to be kept on the deck of the burning speedboat (shades of *Cape Fear*!) and reshot in two days to meet the release date.

It would be nice to report that, notwithstanding all this, *Patriot Games* hits the bull's-eye. It does indeed start out well enough, with an attempted assassination of Britain's Minister for Northern Ireland, Lord Holmes. As ski-masked terrorists ambush his car, an accidental tourist from America—who happens to be none other than Jack Ryan, the hero of several Clancy novels—foils the assault, kills one terrorist, and helps capture another. Sean Miller, the captive, is the brother of the dead man, and vows vengeance. But Ryan is an ex-Marine, former CIA analyst, and current history prof at Annapolis, establishing him as a triple threat: athlete, technical warrior, and intellectual rolled into one. He testifies bravely at the trial, where Miller and he indulge in one of filmdom's finest glowering duels.

Surviving members of the gang, led by the utterly ruthless Kevin O'Donnell and his no less utterly ruthless girlfriend, Annette (we see each putting rival Irish undergrounders brutally and underhandedly underground), manage to spring Miller bloodily from a seemingly impregnable police convoy. It becomes evident that the terrorists have a man inside the government's power center. (This is unconvincing; that he cannot be tracked down, even more so.) Meanwhile Ryan and his loving wife, Cathy, and beloved little daughter, Sally, are back in Maryland. Word reaches him, via Admiral Greer, his former CIA

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

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boss, that Miller has escaped, though the chances of his pursuing his vengeance to America seem almost nil.

Throughout the early part of the movie we are treated to scenes of the Ryan family's happiness. Cathy, an eminent eye surgeon who is shown expertly securing a little boy's detached retina, is equally efficient at tending to her family. She is, moreover, pregnant, which permits cute discussions with Sally about the—to her—distasteful prospect of a kid sister or, worse yet, brother. On all this bliss the O'Donnell gang is about to obtrude lethally, all the more so because Lord Holmes, about to visit the United States, is to have dinner at the Ryans'. To make things safer, the Brits and the CIA, which Ryan has temporarily rejoined, track down by satellite, mostly through his good deductive efforts, the terrorists at their North African training camp. They are eliminated by remote-control weaponry as Greer, Ryan, and others watch on a video screen in a CIA "situation room."

This scene, actually shot at the CIA's Langley, Virginia, headquarters, does exude a chilling horror few action sequences can equal. We seem to be watching a video game for adults in which real human beings are being dispatched in toy format. That they are terrorists financed by Qaddafi is only mildy mitigating, especially since the screenplay (by W. Peter Iliff and Donald Stewart) is honest enough to admit that this is not necessarily the right one among many such training camps, although the circumstantial evidence is very strong. It does indeed turn out to have been the right one, but Miller, O'Donnell, and Annette were already off leading a few chums to the States on their evil mission.

There is a climactic scene in which Miller and his partner chase in their van the unsuspecting Cathy as she drives Sally home from school through bumper-to-bumper traffic, and Jack, made aware of the danger by having been nearly killed himself, races in his car to their rescue. But the traffic is well nigh impregnable and Cathy's car phone is always busy—she is holding to get the results of her latest eye operation. Unfortunately for the film, this is its most powerful part; the rest, even the protracted final showdown, registers less engrossingly. I wonder even whether it is still permissible to have showdowns amid thun-

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der, lightning, and pouring rain. Some clichés cannot be saved, no matter how many Heimlich maneuvers the director, or kisses of life the cinematographer, may deftly administer.

Clancy, I gather, intends his Jack Ryan to be America's answer to James Bond, but the hero as a model married man and father does not hold a candle to the counterspy as womanizer, hedonist, master of sardonic repartee. A brief scene of connubial contentment in a licitly shared bed does not play nearly so well as sex with a bevy of distressing damsels given to black-widow orgasms. This, of course, would not hold true in a work of art, but art is the last thing on the agenda here.

Harrison Ford makes Jack Ryan a likable hero, supplying a decent performance, though perhaps not a nine-million-dollar one. Anne Archer acquits herself no less gracefully as Cathy Ryan, but she sports clothes and hairdos that somehow do not jibe with ophthalmic surgery—notably a single, lush braid fluttering about as loose as the most delinquently detached retina. Sean Bean (Miller), Patrick Bergin (O'Donnell), and Polly Walker (Annette) are good and scary as the heavies; James Fox is the last word in befuddled upper-crust British diplomats; and Thora Birch is not the worst of adorable screen moppets.

Admiral Greer, Ryan's CIA boss, and Robby Jackson, his staunch CIA colleague, are played by James Earl Jones and Samuel L. Jackson, two strong black actors, proving that the CIA is an eminently equal-opportunity employer. Indeed such is the film's political correctness that there is hardly a frame portraying CIA headquarters or a social function in which at least one black actor is not discernible, so that looking for the obligatory black becomes a pleasant diversion during the film's slower moments. Phillip Noyce has directed with considerable aplomb and savvy, especially in the action sequences, and his fellow Aussie, the camera wizard Donald M. McAlpine, lends marvelously subtle support. But it is Richard Harris who scores in the small part of an IRA fundraiser. His acting is bright, but it is his gnarled, emaciated face and grandstanding white hair—something between a hypertrophic hornet's nest and an unraveling antimacassar—that steal the show.

■ ***The Waterdance*** is a semiautobiographical film written and co-directed (with Michael Steinberg) by Neal Jimenez, scenarist of the splendid *River's Edge* and co-scenarist of the mindless *Something for the Boys*. Jimenez broke his neck in a hiking accident and is now a paraplegic; one of the film's principals, Joel Garcia, is a Hispanic novelist hospitalized under similar circumstances. He has a married girlfriend, Anna, whom he wants to detach from her husband, and two zestful ward mates, the racist biker Bloss and the black ladies' man and bon vivant Raymond.

There is a sassy candor about this movie, an attempt to tell the defiant truth about men trying to come to terms with being reduced by roughly one half; they can no longer indulge in many of their former activities, and their chances of sexual fulfillment of a normal sort are extremely slim. The movie is most concerned with its three main characters' relations to women and sex, and also to one another: their attempts to overcome their social, racial, and intellectual differences.

A hospital film, alas, is not unlike a Grand Hotel film: too many principal

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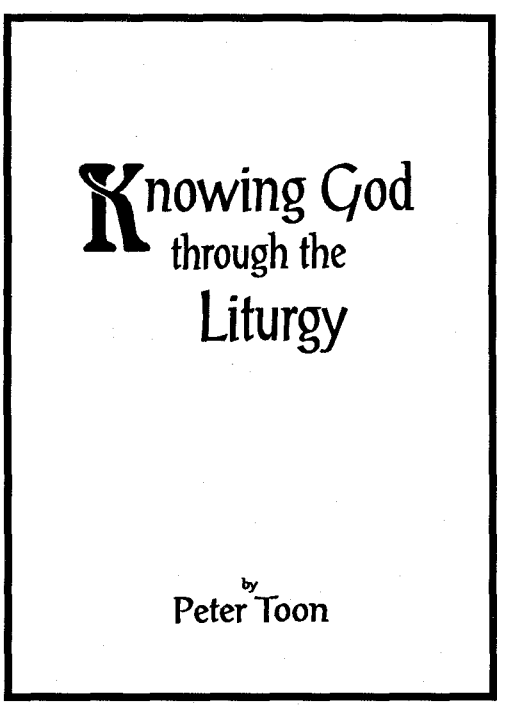

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and even ancillary characters battle for our attention, too many lives are displayed in excessive foreshortening, and the danger of being told too little or too much, or the wrong things, is everpresent. What exactly happens during Joel and Anna's sexual bouts, lovingly scrutinized but never clarified? Why would his long-neglected wife want to leave Raymond now that she has him in her power and that he desperately wants to dedicate himself to wife and daughter? Why does the blowhard Bloss not have a woman other than his mother? Not quite enough attention is paid to anything besides the sensitive maunderings of Joel, and because he is so obviously the author's alter ego, the film cannot escape an odor of self-importance.

Good, though, that the film avoids the agonies of physiotherapy and the sadistic male or female nurses we know from too many other movies; but it is strange that none of the main characters has much of a family—not one relative visits Joel. Bloss, besides his mother, has some biker friends who drop in noisily; otherwise the three men live in a peculiar vacuum. Though we are not allowed to forget that Joel is a writer, we learn little or nothing about the others' occupations. Further paraplegics are used mostly as sight gags: Victor, a Latino, has a numerous family loudly but otherwise anonymously milling around him; Vernon, a presumed pathetic nonentity whom we only hear but do not see, is all too briefly revealed to us as a handsome fellow with a smashing wife. We see a bit more of a young Korean and his people, but he too remains a cipher.

When Raymond takes off for an old folks' home, the move and his existence there are shrouded in undue mystery; when Anna finally manages to break away from her husband and find a suitable place for herself and her lover to move into, Joel tells her to go back to her husband. Out of foresight, nobility, or cowardice? We're not told. When she returns in the end, is it merely as a pal? And, above all, who pays these men's hospital bills? And how will they manage, once out? This is not a veterans' hospital, and these are not your standard war victims. A little ambiguity or openendedness can be good for a movie, but leaving us in complete darkness about major issues is another matter.

Still, there is much keen, first-hand observation here—for example about how the kindnesses of well-meaning bunglers can humiliate these men. A visit to a strip joint (though how one of the guys manages to steal a hospital van, and how another drives what is clearly not a specially equipped vehicle, remains uncertain) is persuasively rendered, rather than being a mere exercise in rollicking screen rowdiness. Relationships are searchingly explored, and the character of an unsappily compassionate nurse is well written and restrainedly enacted by Elizabeth Peña. Eric Stoltz (Joel), Wesley Snipes (Raymond), and William Forsythe (Bloss) are all very fine, but Joel can't be made as juicy as the others. And some vignettes are powerful, e.g., a demented-looking figure in an electric wheelchair, which is viewed as less couth than a manually operated one.

Pretension does creep in, as in some facile literary references and the film's title, derived from an all too patly symbolic dream. Yet for addressing a genuine problem tactfully, for featuring authentic dialogue, and for allowing Helen Hunt (Anna) to give a fine performance even in sex scenes (for once, not exploitative), *The Waterdance* deserves attention and gratitude. □

MANNERS IN NASHVILLE

Our Country, 'Tis of Thee

JOHN PODHORETZ

SHE WAS in her mid twenties, small and pudgy, with a face that could have been pretty were it not for the incessant chewing motion she made with her jaw and wild eyes that could not stay still. Pinned above her heart in handwritten script was a large laminated button that read, "Garth Sucks!"

These were fighting words here in Nashville this sultry and damp June week, as she and I stood among 24,000

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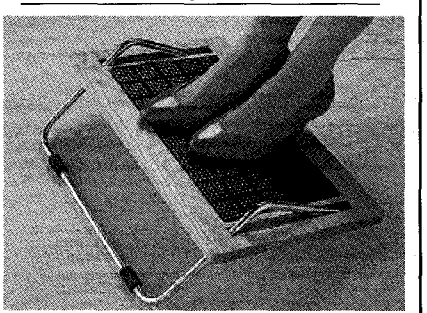

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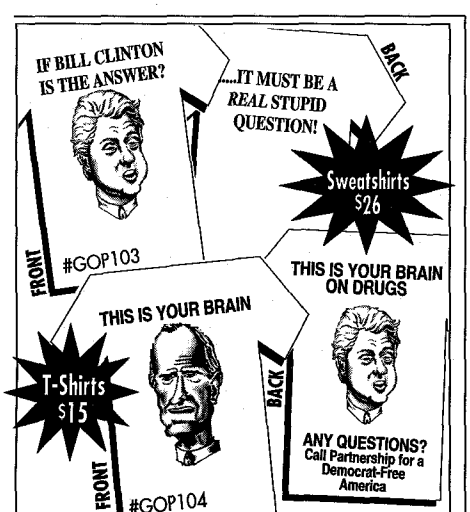
other wildly devoted country-music aficionados at an annual festival called Fan Fair. The Garth condemned by her button is Garth Brooks, who is not only country music's phenomenon of the moment but the biggest pop star in America too—the man whose vertiginous rise is the emblem of an explosion that has placed country at the forefront of American music.

Until very recently country music was considered merely the expression of an American subculture—interesting, perhaps, but a distinctly minority taste. Conservative both in its politics and in its sense of morality, it has been largely scorned, patronized, or exploited by the wider culture. That was the case until two years ago, when *Billboard* changed the way it tabulates record sales. This newly accurate accounting revealed that country wasn't the idiot Appalachian child of American pop. Actually it rivaled, even surpassed, rock music in the affections and spending habits of Americans.

Mr. Podhoretz, a Visiting Fellow at the Hudson Institute, is writing a book about the Bush White House for Simon & Schuster.



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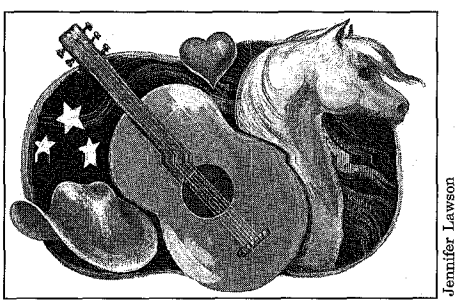
"Did you make that yourself?" I asked the chewing woman, pointing to the button.

"Yes, sir, I did," she said in a Delta twang, brandishing it with pride before turning her attention back to the two long-haired young men who were standing on a table in front of us, swiveling their hips as they lip-synched. "That's Darrell and Don Ellis," she said to me. "*They're* great."

Her anti-Garthism was not the common sentiment at Fan Fair—a huge and sprawling event that took up the Tennessee State Fairgrounds—where thousands lined up for five hours just


Jennifer Lawson

to get his autograph and have their picture taken with him. (People stood on line for hours just to get a tour of the bus he rides on.) But my hostile friend may have been onto something. Country's current near-dominance of the pop-music charts could be a Pyrrhic victory. In gaining the world, country may lose its soul.

The soul of country has a lot to do with the intimate relations its performers maintain with their fans. Country-music singers are mostly from farms and small towns in the Deep South or the Texas panhandle. For the most part, they didn't go to college, but worked as truck drivers or waitresses before being scouted and discovered. When they stood on the huge stage and did a couple of numbers for the fans, everybody in the place knew: There, but for talent given them by God and some genuine drive and ambition, go I.

The performers know it too, and they are amazingly accessible. In these days when Hollywood stars travel with bodyguards and fear the threat of stalking maniacs, country star after country star stood in various booths while their fans waited their turn to talk to them for a minute, get a photograph and an autograph.

These fans, patient and well-mannered, were exclusively white, mostly over thirty. They were fat. They smoked. They wore cheap clothing whose clashing colors blinded the eye. They were, in other words, lower-middle-class and working-class Americans, the still-silent majority.

Country music is the music that speaks to them—its subject is not sex, as in most rock music, but the trials and triumphs of ordinary folk. Husbands cheat and beg their wives for forgiveness—or they are tempted by adultery but, as Randy Travis sings, "on the other hand, there's a golden band, to remind me of someone who would not understand."

Kids go bad but, as a band called Confederate Railroad sang from the stage on Thursday morning, "Jesus and Mama always loved me even when the devil took control." This song is directly in the tradition of the classic Merle Haggard number about personal responsibility, "Mama Tried," whose narrator "turned 21 in prison doin' life without parole. No one could steer me right but Mama tried. Mama tried to teach me better but her pleading I denied. That leaves only me to blame 'cause Mama tried."

My own obsession with country music began on a drive one Sunday in 1985. I was listening to a progressive-rock station when out came this astonishing song, growled by the wonderful Hank Williams Jr., called "A Country Boy Can Survive." One night in New York City, the narrator's friend is stabbed to death by a switchblade-wielding mugger. The mugger gets away with $43. And the narrator growls: "I'd like to spit some Beech-Nut in that dude's eye and shoot him with my ol' .45."

I nearly crashed my car in surprise and guilty delight. "A Country Boy Can Survive" wasn't just politically incorrect, it was pointedly so. There was wit to the song as well, and a facility with lyrics that one usually associates with Broadway show tunes: "We say grace, and we say ma'am, and if you ain't into that, we don't give a damn."

At that time, country was going through a seismic change, throwing off the 1970s pop that had somehow infiltrated it, in favor of what came to be known as the "New Traditionalism." Brilliant singers like Randy Travis and Dwight Yoakam brought back the nasal voice and steel-guitar sound of Hank Williams Sr.

But there are worrisome signs that country's triumph may prove to be its doom. The first is the prevalence of

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long hair on the rising new male singers. Ponytails, moussed locks, soft features—this is not the look of classic country, but of generic MTV pretty-boy pop. (In Robert Altman's condescending country satire, *Nashville*, a longtime star barks at a musician, "You get your hair cut! You don't belong here in Nashville.")

Garth still sports the short 'do and the cowboy hat, but the hottest-rising act at the moment, Billy Ray Cyrus, has a rubber band holding back his hair as he croons the nation's number-one dance hit, "Achy Breaky Heart." This is the first single to cross over from the country to the rock charts in a decade (the other crossovers have been albums), and while it is certainly catchy, Cyrus violates an important rule of country singing by slurring his words, like a rock star.

Cyrus was at the center of Fan Fair's greatest controversy, when superstar Travis Tritt publicly attacked the upstart for riding on his looks rather than his singing. Tritt, whose greatest song is called "Here's a Quarter (Call Someone Who Cares)," complained that "Achy Breaky Heart" has nothing to say.

This kind of carping is also alien to country music, which has always been full of backstage rivalries (Loretta Lynn *v.* Tammy Wynette, to take one notable example) but is just all smiles and friendship in front of the fans. With the mainstream beckoning, country stars have already started primping themselves like rockers; now, apparently, they may start acting like rockers in other ways. And so another vertebra in the nation's cultural backbone is in danger of snapping. □

DELECTATIONS

Olympian Thoughts

TAKI

BACK IN the good old days, before feminism and political correctness, the only place to be—if one was a god, that is—was Mount Olympus. Zeus was the head honcho and Hera his wife, but rumor had it that all was not perfect in their marriage. Zeus, you see, like most Greeks, was a philanderer, who whenever he got bored with the missus would disguise himself as Ganymede—an extremely good-looking young man who consistently batted 1.000 with the fair sex—and trip the light fantastic.

Like most Greek women, Hera was no fool. She waited for her chance. During one of Zeus's most egregious absences, she plucked up the real Ganymede, flew him to Mount Olympus, and made him a cupbearer to the gods. Forever.

Now, even back then there were people who had no respect for authority, and no sooner had poor Ganymede begun serving the gods, than the rumors got started that he was being sexually exploited, and by the male gods to boot. Even the name Ganymede took on an extra meaning: a bugger's minion. Eventually it evolved into "catamite."

Six years ago I found myself in a British court of law debating the subject. A much married (five times) Swiss woman had sued me for having called her husband a catamite, she charging that I meant he was a bugger's minion, yours truly claiming that I meant he was a cupbearer, or in present-day lingo, a walker. Not surprisingly, I lost, the jury deciding that I meant what I did mean all along. When I was asked for a statement after the verdict, I announced that I would climb Mount Olympus and take it up with Ganymede in person. Six years later to the day, I did.

According to legend, Mount Olympus vied with Delphi as the center of the earth, but in relation to today's universe, it is located between Thessaly and Macedonia, in the northern part of Greece. It is snow-capped for nine months of the year, bare of trees above 6,600 feet. It is one of the best non-mountaineering mountains to be found, with no special equipment needed except for hiking boots, although on my way up I noticed most of my fellow climbers wore running shoes. (There were also some Greek

Taki Theodoracopulos, who writes the "High Life" column for The Spectator *in London, is the author of* Nothing to Declare *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*

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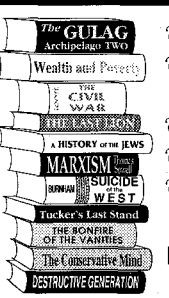

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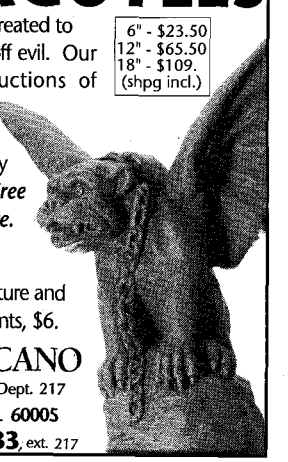
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women in high heels, but I don't know if they made it all the way.)

According to Christian legend, the gods abandoned Mount Olympus in 4 B.C., and the place remained uninhabited until the fall of Constantinople in 1453. After the fall the mountain became the favorite hiding place for *Klephts*, the Greek Orthodox bandits who resisted the four-hundred-year Ottoman occupation. It continued to serve as a refuge for patriots even up to the German occupation in 1941, and was the battleground of nationalist versus Communist guerrillas in the civil war that followed. (That is where the old joke about thinking we'd run into some Greek gods but they turned out to be goddam Greeks was first uttered, by a nationalist officer.)

The peaks of Olympus were first conquered in 1913, by—who else—two Swiss climbers. My uncle, a hurdler who competed in the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics and was the first man Hitler saw entering the Berlin Olympiad of 1936—he was the flagbearer and the Greek team always enters first—climbed Olympus ten years ago for the umpteenth time at age 76. When I took off for my climb he warned me only to be careful driving to Litohoro—where the base camp is—"because Greeks are such terrible drivers."

Litohoro lies a few miles off the national motorway between Athens and Salonika. One can begin climbing there, or keep driving to Priona, where the mountain road ends. The walk from Litohoro to Priona is very scenic and takes roughly five hours. There are a few monasteries, a riot of wildflowers—and hundreds of hitchhikers. Water is the most important commodity, as there is none between Priona and a refuge before the final assault three hours away.

At the refuge the day's climb ends, and unlike such shelters in more exotic places, there is food and drink, ninety beds, and even a telephone. (My friend Dimitri Kazakeas called his American girlfriend in Athens, and when he told her where he was calling from she said, "I didn't know Olympic had installed phones on their airplanes.")

After breakfast we began the final assault, climb rather, because although there is some danger from loose rock, there is no need for pitons or even using all fours. After two hours we reached the point where the trees ended, and that is where the scenery took on a surrealist quality, the thin mountain air combining with Greek mythology to make me see things which were not necessarily there. When we finally reached Mytikas, the highest of the peaks, Dimitri kissed the Greek flag that flies next to a tiny Christian monument. I did too, especially as the flag was the one with the large white cross on a blue background, a Christian-nationalist flag which the politicians did away with after the fall of the colonels in 1974. I guess they forgot to change it on Mount Olympus, or perhaps Zeus made sure they didn't.

The bad part of the journey was the return. Walking down a mountain is not only trickier than going up, it is also seven times harder on the knees. Having had mine operated on only last year I took my time descending. Dimitri and I yearned for the Wispille and Eggli mountains of Gstaad, where we go up on foot but come down on the chairlift. Mind you, a chairlift on Mount Olympus would be one of the greater barbarisms, but in this day and age, there is nothing that would surprise me.

But what about Ganymede, you may ask. Well, once I was up there he never entered my thoughts. Although I'm a devout if lapsed Christian, I felt the presence of the gods, pagan or otherwise, because after all I was born in Greece and my mother is a Spartan. The other thing that didn't enter my mind was multiculturalism. Olympus was the dwelling of the gods, white European gods, and on the day I climbed it, the gods were still alive. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Campaign of the Century: Upton Sinclair's Race for Governor of California and the Birth of Media Politics, by Greg Mitchell (Random House, 662 pp., $27.50)

IN 1934, Upton Sinclair, muckraking journalist and socialist, shocked America by capturing California's Democratic gubernatorial nomination. In this richly detailed book, particularly topical in the year of Perot, Greg Mitchell reminds us that in politics anything can happen. But the main topic here is the rise of "media campaigning." Hollywood, run by conservative moguls, was horrified by the Sinclair candidacy. The opposition to Sinclair was led by Louis B. Mayer. Helped by public-relations genius Albert Lasker and others, Mayer employed every medium available—radio dramas, movie shorts, direct mail—to defeat Sinclair, and the truth be damned. Mitchell presents his story against a colorful background, weaving in, simply, everyone: Franklin D. Roosevelt, H. L. Mencken, Will Rogers, a young Earl Warren, an even younger Richard Nixon. At times, the background and cameo players overwhelm the main story line—Mitchell could have used the help of a more critical-minded editor. But for those who love politics, especially California politics, this is an illuminating and enjoyable book.

FRANK J. KELLY

What Have I Ever Lost by Dying? by Robert Bly (HarperCollins, 90 pp., $16)

THE PEDAGOGUES of the Men's Movement promise to make poets out of their disciples. "When a man begins to develop the receptive side of himself and gets over his initial skittishness, . . . he gets to write poetry," writes Robert Bly in *Iron John*, one of the Movement's Great Books. In his new collection of "object" poems, Bly engages all our senses in his fluid prose rhythms as he describes a potato, a grain of rice, looking at a dead wren, a godwit. Surprisingly, for a man who has inspired more than his share of foolishness, he manages to capture well many little things often left unnoticed—until he abandons the disciplined focus required of object poetry. Introducing the book, Bly writes: "I hoped that a writer could describe an object . . . without immersing it like a negative in his developing tank of disappointment and desire. I no longer think that is possible." And so Bly passes the objects of his poetry through the filter of his Men's Movement philosophy, in such a way that twigs, for example, become a "part of the wild things of the world, noticed only for a moment by a heavy, nervous man who sits near them." Because the Movement demands self-centeredness of men, Bly's object too frequently becomes himself, causing his poems to disintegrate into diary entries.

DANIELLE ALLEN

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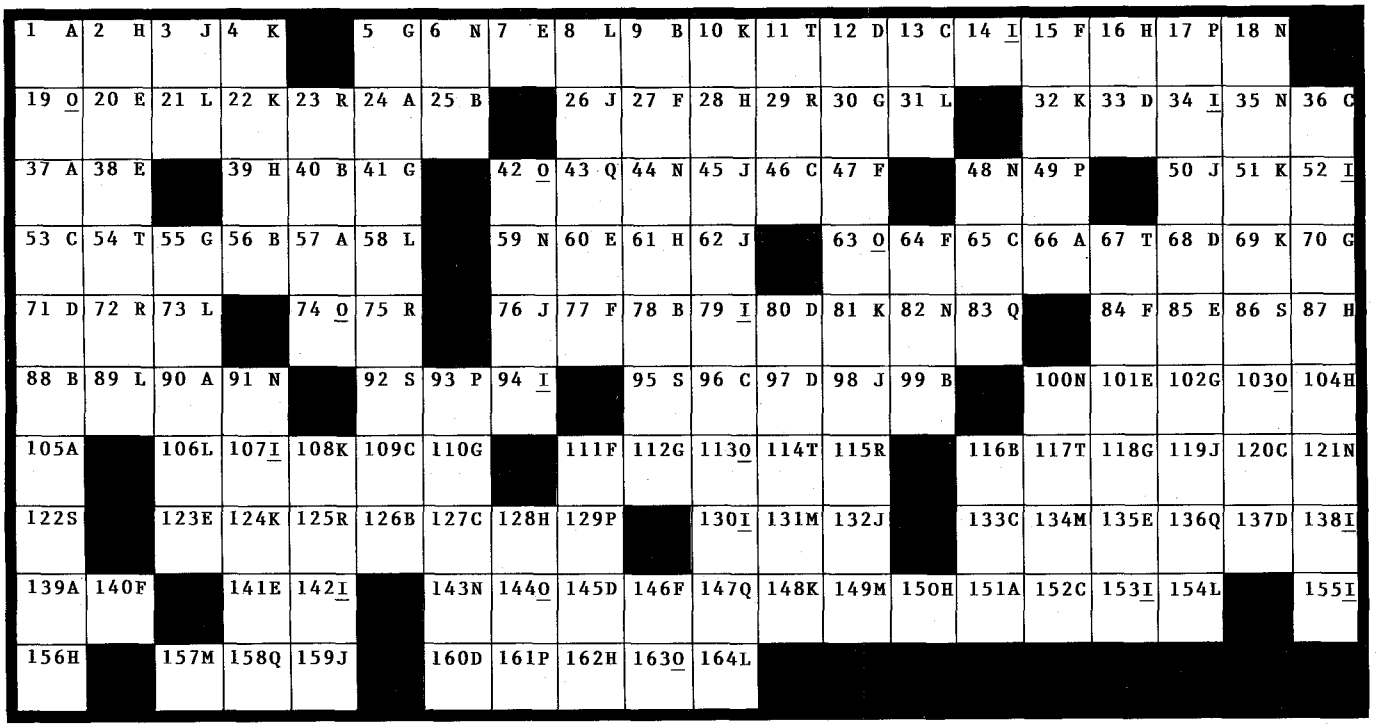
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



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A. Feature of a university, or a beauty queen — 66 139 37 90 1 105 24 57 151

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C. Last name in nursing — 109 127 133 96 13 152 36 46 53 65 / 120

D. With heart on sleeve — 33 160 80 145 97 71 12 68 137

E. Orderly, at sea — 135 60 141 123 38 20 101 7 85

F. Watchmaker's schedule — 111 146 77 140 15 27 84 64 47

G. Depressed — 112 30 118 5 110 41 70 102 55

H. Iran's neighbor — 61 156 39 2 87 128 16 104 162 150 / 28

I. Sixteenth-century religious movement — 107 94 34 155 79 52 14 130 138 153 / 142

J. Emphasized anew — 50 159 76 98 132 26 45 62 3 119

K. Put in the way — 148 4 69 108 22 81 124 10 51 32

L. Hilton's paradise found (2 words) — 73 164 106 154 58 8 89 31 21

M. Lane — 149 134 157 131

N. Bounce off the walls — 121 35 44 82 91 48 6 100 143 59 / 18

O. Event — 74 163 19 63 42 103 113 144

P. Can qualify a boat or train — 129 93 161 17 49

Q. Kitchen pest — 83 136 43 147 158

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S. G. B. of note — 122 86 92 95

T. Suit material — 114 117 54 67 11

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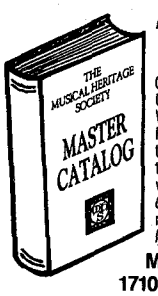

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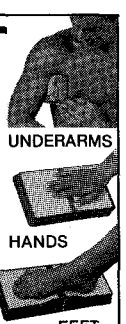

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BOWMAN
(Continued from page 38)

try to make up in lurid rhetorical energy what they lack in plausibility. It is also why the rappers seem genuinely surprised when you take them at their word, and vehemently insist that they don't want to kill anyone.

Fantasyland

SO IS RAP quite harmless then? No. Disconnection from reality on such a scale is a form of cultural madness. Violent fantasy, more even than other kinds of fantasy, encourages the persistence of the inveterate victim's delusion that the world is plotting against him. In a recent survey of New Yorkers by the *New York Times*, clear majorities of blacks believed that it was at least plausible that the government was singling out black officials for investigation so that they would be discredited and that it was making sure drugs were available in poor neighborhoods. And 29 per cent were even prepared to believe that AIDS was developed by the government to kill black people. Such paranoia can only be exacerbated by the persecution mania and the delusions of grandeur of rap music.

It is obviously unhealthy for the polity to have attached to it a canker of such madness—especially one which seems to grow by feeding off the larger unreality of the general culture. Time Warner can afford to pay Mr. Levin so much money not just because of Ice T but also because of blockbuster films like *Lethal Weapon 3* and *Batman Returns*, which have even less to do with the realities of crime and law enforcement than the crude police caricatures of the black rappers. I know, I know: the First Amendment says that we have to allow these "artists" to have their fun. But once in a while it ought to be OK for a critic to say that honest art, art that says what it means and means what it says, is better. □

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The Perils of Perotocracy

NEW YORK, JUNE 12

We may soon need a constitutional amendment that reads: No American citizen, irrespective of race, color, religion, or previous condition of servitude, shall have the right to vote for the office of President of the United States. I speak of the ongoing campaign of Mr. H. Ross Perot and specifically of his recent appearance on the *Today* show, from which two specimens:

On the subject of presidential debates. He is for them. But—"We're not talking about debates where newscasters ask you a question. We're talking about the old college debate where you stand out there all alone without 13 handlers and jocks sitting down there signing you, telling you when to talk and when not to talk. The point is we're talking about real debates on real issues. . . . I would not have any interest at all in one of these, you know, blow-dried guys sitting there asking all three of us questions in a pompous way. Now, let's just get in the ring, get it on."

That sounds terrific. Provided you do not pause to analyze what he actually says: 1) In the presidential debates, beginning with Nixon–Kennedy, there have never been any "handlers" sitting there advising their candidate what to answer to a question. The candidates have always appeared on their own. 2) In college debates, and indeed in all debates, strict time limits are imposed, necessarily so. 3) In every presidential debate since 1960 real issues have been dealt with and tough questions have been asked. 4) Going back two presidential races, we have had the following moderators and interrogators asking questions of the candidates: Jim Lehrer, Peter Jennings, John Mashek, Bernard Shaw, Ann Compton, Andrea Mitchell, Margaret Warner, Edwin Newman, Georgie Anne Geyer, Marvin Kalb, Morton Kondracke, Henry Trewhitt, Barbara Walters, Diana Sawyer, Fred Barnes, and James Wieghart. I don't know whether any of the above blow-dry their hair, and don't much care. I do know that they didn't ask pompous questions.

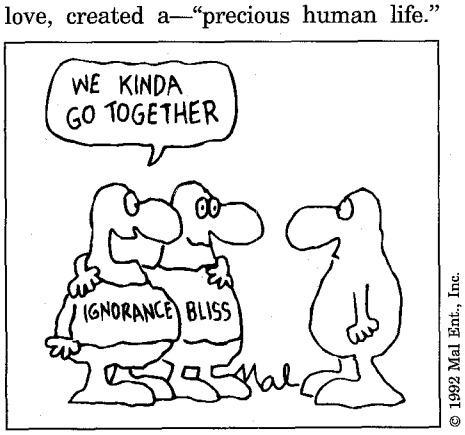
One is drawn to the conclusion that a pompous question is a question Ross Perot can't answer, which makes just about every question pompous.

Or consider Mr. Perot on the question of abortion: "When the dust clears, it's a woman's choice. Each human life is precious. We should not create a human life unless we want to create it. It is absolutely irresponsible for thinking, reasoning human beings to thoughtlessly create a human life they don't want."

Everyone is supposed to get from that a little tingly feeling of satisfaction, Pro-Choice people because he says it's up to the woman, Pro-Life people because he says nice things about fetuses.

But analysis needs to set in. If, referring to a fetus, you use the designation "human life"—moreover, human life that is "precious"—you have laid down a philosophical plank from which there is no retreating. What we do in civilized societies is protect human lives. But if we did that, abortion would be forbidden.

Quite right, we should not create a human life unless we want to create it, but we do. Massively. About one million seven hundred thousand last year alone. "It is absolutely irresponsible for thinking, reasoning human beings to thoughtlessly create a human life they don't want." Ah, but a woman who conceives a baby she does not want either a) was inattentive to prophylactic detail (she hasn't used the pill, he hasn't used the condom) or b) got carried away by the passion of the moment and, unlucky in love, created a—"precious human life."



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What is it proposed we do about unreasoning, thoughtless women? Well, blow-dry your hair and risk being denounced as pompous when you answer: Nothing.

That is Mr. Perot's stand on abortion: Denounce thoughtlessness and a lack of reason, praise the precious human lives created athwart that thoughtlessness and lack of reason, and—get out of the way of anybody who wants to abort for any reason. Under a Perotocracy, nothing will stand in the way of Planned Parenthood via abortion.

As an alumnus of college debating teams, permit me to say on their behalf that the kind of thing Ross Perot is getting away with wouldn't promote him to the sophomore team. □

Quayle versus Mapplethorpeism

NEW YORK, JUNE 15

The commentators will tell you patronizingly that "they" are playing politics, whether it is Mr. Bush pausing in Panama as a visiting liberator, Governor Clinton blowing on the saxophone to show that he is one of the boys—or Dan Quayle, for whom the supreme contempt is shown because he has come out for "family values." Mr. R. W. Apple Jr. of the *New York Times* lets it out in a single burp of condescension. "Mr. Quayle was born to privilege . . . but that has not stopped him from donning the robes of the common man determined to face down a 'cultural elite' that mocks religion, family values, and patriotism." It isn't clear why someone "born to privilege" is supposed to come out against family values. Though perhaps the inference is warranted on the grounds that the elite go to elite schools, which are breeding grounds of disdain for family values. In a better-ordered world, the assumption would be that the aristocracy would be the front-line defenders of the best of society. That was what Aristotle asked of, and expected from, the *aristoi*.

Okay, so let's tune in on Quayle. Of the cultural elites (he makes here a mistake, by the way: the true cultural elite stands by enduring values. The elites he is talking about are Woodstock Generation elites, here today, gone tomorrow; but very powerful today) he says that they "respect neither tradition nor standards. They believe that moral truths are relative and all 'lifestyles' are equal. They seem to think the family is an arbitrary arrangement of people who live under the same roof—that fathers are

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dispensable and that parents need not be married or even of opposite sexes." Allowing for the overlay of hyperbole one expects of politicians, it is fair to say that Mr. Quayle is dead-on. Anyone who reads the Playboy Philosophy of Mr. Hugh Hefner will find little incongruity between that philosophy and the kind of thing Mr. Quayle is talking about.

Mr. Apple continues: "Speaking to the Southern Baptist Convention in Indianapolis last week, [Quayle] denounced sex education in primary schools, free condoms, and homosexual parents, and spoke of warring American cultures. 'They'll try to mock us in newsrooms, sitcom studios, and faculty lounges across America,' he said. 'I wear their scorn as a badge of honor.'" Now, it is hardly so that in every newsroom and faculty lounge and sitcom, such values as Mr. Quayle describes are pre-eminent. But what is true is that what one might call the Mapplethorpe Wing of American culture have their hands on the tiller of elite cultural opinion.

As it happened, one had to wait only until Monday, June 15, to see a perfect expression of the kind of thing Dan Quayle is talking about. To address the 100th commencement at Stanford University the administration invited Kirk Varnedoe, who is the director of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

He instructed the graduates to "abandon the security of tradition." One is surely entitled to ask, Why? And to ask, Isn't this the kind of thing Dan Quayle is talking about? The family is a Western tradition, as are the "cardinal virtues," as they were once called. (They are, cobwebbed tomes in the library will reveal: "prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude." Which of these has been anachronized?)

He said, according to the newspaper report, that in place of tradition we are to allow "art" to "confront the problems of society." Specifically, "Support for the arts is close behind sexuality and reproductive rights as a symbolic battleground on which issues of our national purpose, our collective morality and tolerance, are being contested." Translated, that means: Up Mapplethorpe.

He urged the graduates "to reconcile their personal beliefs, tastes, and tolerances with the very different and contrary beliefs of other people." Why? Surely one should yield one's personal beliefs only if there are grounds to do so? In social science, the principal supplicants for toleration have been the behaviorists, and in the law, the deconstructionists. In politics, the principal seducers of the century have been the Fascists and the Communists. Mr. Varnedoe cheers on New Thought at the expense of tradition, just loving it that along with sexuality and reproductive rights we can become "newly attuned to experience in ways that are perhaps even more powerful because they are vague, rogue, and indeterminate." I will contribute to any fund that comes up with a sealed room in which Mr. Varnedoe can commune with his rogue impulses for the rest of his life. Note, a sealed room. □

Clinton at Bat

NEW YORK, JUNE 17

Someone telephoned in to the deejay discussing Sister Souljah. "Wait a minute, wait a minute," he said. "I know exactly what Governor Clinton was doing. He was playing politics." The discussion then went on to explore the question whether this was the correct explanation for what Mr. Clinton had done, which was to rebuke Sister Souljah for saying what she did at a meeting of the Rainbow Coalition. The Sister had defended herself that morning by saying she hadn't meant to suggest that blacks should kill whites. She had meant only to say that *it was going through the mind of blacks that maybe they ought to kill some whites*. That is very different, said Sister, from *advocating* killing whites. She didn't mean to do that. The deejay said to him it was very plain: Governor Clinton was trying to win favor with white voters, and this was a disreputable thing to do, and reminded him of Willie Horton.

The mind reels with it all.

In the first place, just what exactly does one expect that Governor Clinton is up to when he addresses the Rainbow Coalition other than to "play politics"? In the case of every normal candidate for President, it is safe to assume that every public gesture from now on is designed to increase his popularity. Why else would Mr. Clinton spend his time addressing the Rainbow Coalition? I mean, he could go to a movie, or maybe read a book. Moreover, in the case of Governor Clinton—unlike George Bush or Ross Perot, who before they got into politics, led conventional lives as businessmen—Bill Clinton hasn't had a non-political thought since he left law school. So much for the question, Was he playing politics?

The next question to accost is, Was he trying to appeal to white voters? To which the answer is, surely, Yes. Well, why? Well, because there are a lot of them. Why did he accept an invitation to speak to the Rainbow Coalition? Because he wanted to appeal to black voters. Why? Because there are a lot of them. Not as many as there are whites, but a lot of them, and somewhere between 80 and 95 per cent of them tend to vote Democratic, and Mr. Perot is not doing at all well with the black votes, having garnered in the straw polls only about 6 per cent: So Clinton wants to appeal to the black votes, so what's so unusual about that?

What is it supposed to mean when a presidential candidate appears before an assembly of rabbis? That he is trying to appeal to the Arab vote? Who was JFK trying to talk to when he went to the Baptist ministers in Houston and promised them that, in his heart, he was unaffected by his accidental birth as a Roman Catholic? Why, he was trying to appeal to Baptists, and to others united for separation of church and state.

What the question comes down to is: Is appealing to white voters legitimate? Obviously it is not legitimate to appeal to white voters by suggesting to them that blacks are a social menace and ought to be in jail in even greater numbers than they are. To say that is to stir up brutish instincts. It is very different to say: Just because something objectionable gets said by a black person, it doesn't follow that it is no longer objectionable. And it seems plain that Governor Clinton was saying something on that order, and it is quite obvious that in saying it, he knew he would be appealing to those whites who don't believe that black-sponsored hatred becomes something other than hatred.

What surfaces in the little tempest as most interesting of all is the question: What is it that caused Governor Clinton to notice Sister Souljah? There are a lot of irresponsible people around saying irresponsible things. Perhaps that she had been a guest of the Rainbow Coalition made her, in his judgment, especially conspicuous in her suggestion that maybe some more white people should get killed. Maybe Mr. Clinton thought the time was right to say something to Jesse Jackson that suggested a measure of independence from him and his movement.

Probably he will be proved correct in his stand. The measure of that correctness will be the extent to which he is protested by the black community. At this writing, only Representative Rangel has been so rash as to make that protest. Even Mr. Jackson has been careful not to defend the Sister, and that's progress. □

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Clubmen & Ladies Who Lunch

IT IS generally accepted in Britain that the wilder social follies begin in America and spread across the Atlantic. As if to confirm this belief, two American ladies arrived, not long ago, at the Garrick Club, announced that they were members of a New York club with which the Garrick has reciprocal privileges, and demanded lunch. It was explained to them, very politely, that, since the Garrick has no women members (nor did the New York club when the reciprocal arrangement was made), they could not be accommodated. They went away, ostensibly indignant. No one believes they were unaware of the rules. They came, not for lunch, but to make a gesture.

So far, there has been no substantial demand from any indigenous quarter that the traditional gentlemen's clubs should go bisexual. But a few citizens in every citadel always want to open the gates. A general meeting will shortly be held at the Garrick to consider a motion that the club should voluntarily have women members. My guess is that it will be heavily defeated. Since the Garrick has something like an eight-year waiting list, the first woman member would not sit down at the center table for a long while even if it were passed—unless positive discrimination was exercised against male candidates.

I can think of only two London clubs which never admit women guests, but only one serious club has women members—the Reform. I was invited, some ten years ago, to see the first of them lunching, and was assured they had been chosen with the utmost care. Shortly afterward, one of the carefully chosen became the center of a major political scandal. Thus, I thought, do the gods punish hubris. Today around 10 per cent of the Reform's membership is female, and, at the beginning of this year, the club elected a female chairman. Such rashness was perhaps only to be expected of a club which exists to promote the principles of the 1832 Reform Bill.

The Oxford and Cambridge Club is, like the Garrick, about to consider the admission of women, and since the two universities from which its membership is drawn are now almost entirely bisexual, it may well do so. Some of the existing members would prefer women to be only "Associates" but, like the women at Somerville College in Oxford, who have been fighting the desire of the college authorities to make them admit men, they may find the *Zeitgeist* too strong.

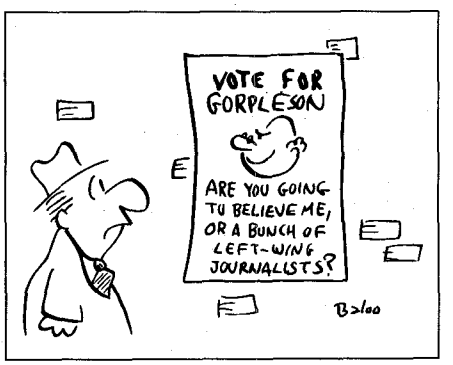
There used to be half a dozen exclusively women's clubs in London: only one, rather dim, specimen survives. A basic reason may be that women are simply not clubbable in the way that men are. A subsidiary—but fiscally vital—reason is that they don't spend enough on lunch or at the bar.

For a male club to admit women is far more than a superficial change, especially where, as at the Beefsteak and Pratt's in London, or the Brook and the Coffee House in New York, the members all sit at the same table. The conversation changes; manners change, the decibel count changes. This difference has been recognized everywhere and at all periods. Only in our perverse time has anyone thought to condemn a distinction so natural.

Militant women who try to force themselves into male clubs do not really want to *join* those institutions; by the act of joining they would transform them. What they want is that male clubs should no longer exist. They are motivated chiefly by illusion. Some suppose that a male club is full of chauvinist pigs planning to turn them into Stepford wives. Others have a paranoid belief that the club is a center of deal-making and networking.

This latter belief has been the lever used by feminists in America to secure legal backing. But all good clubs have a rule or convention which forbids the transaction of business. Useful gossip may indeed be exchanged: but how can you have a law which insists that everyone should be privy to gossip? Even the Supreme Court would surely boggle at that idea.

Several New York clubs have fought back strongly, insisting that any member unwilling to refrain from business on the premises should resign forthwith. Others, because they need the money which business-sponsored functions provide, have been forced to surrender. The New Puritanism, which curtails lunch and substitutes designer water for decent drink, has aggravated the financial pressure. In London's clubland these factors remain negligible.



IT IS A clubman's joy to be at ease among old friends with whom he was at school or university or in the army. His club is an extension of the common room and the mess. Such a texture of relationships cannot, by its nature, be opened up to a different sort of person. Since girls have not only flooded into Oxford and Cambridge but now attend the senior classes of some English boys' schools, this consideration may one day alter. Meanwhile, there is a plain duty to resist any attempt at coercion.

A Boston club gave in to a female judge who said she would not renew its liquor license unless women were admitted. The members should have responded that they would drink Coca-Cola until Hell froze before yielding to such a threat. London clubs, I believe, would make even that sacrifice—and a great sacrifice it would be. Two members of the Cavalry Club idly wondered if the cellar contained such a thing as Coca-Cola. They summoned the wine waiter and asked him. Drawing himself up to his full six-foot-two, he replied: "For *drinking* purposes, sir?"

—ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Mr. Lejeune is the author of the classic work The Gentlemen's Clubs of London.

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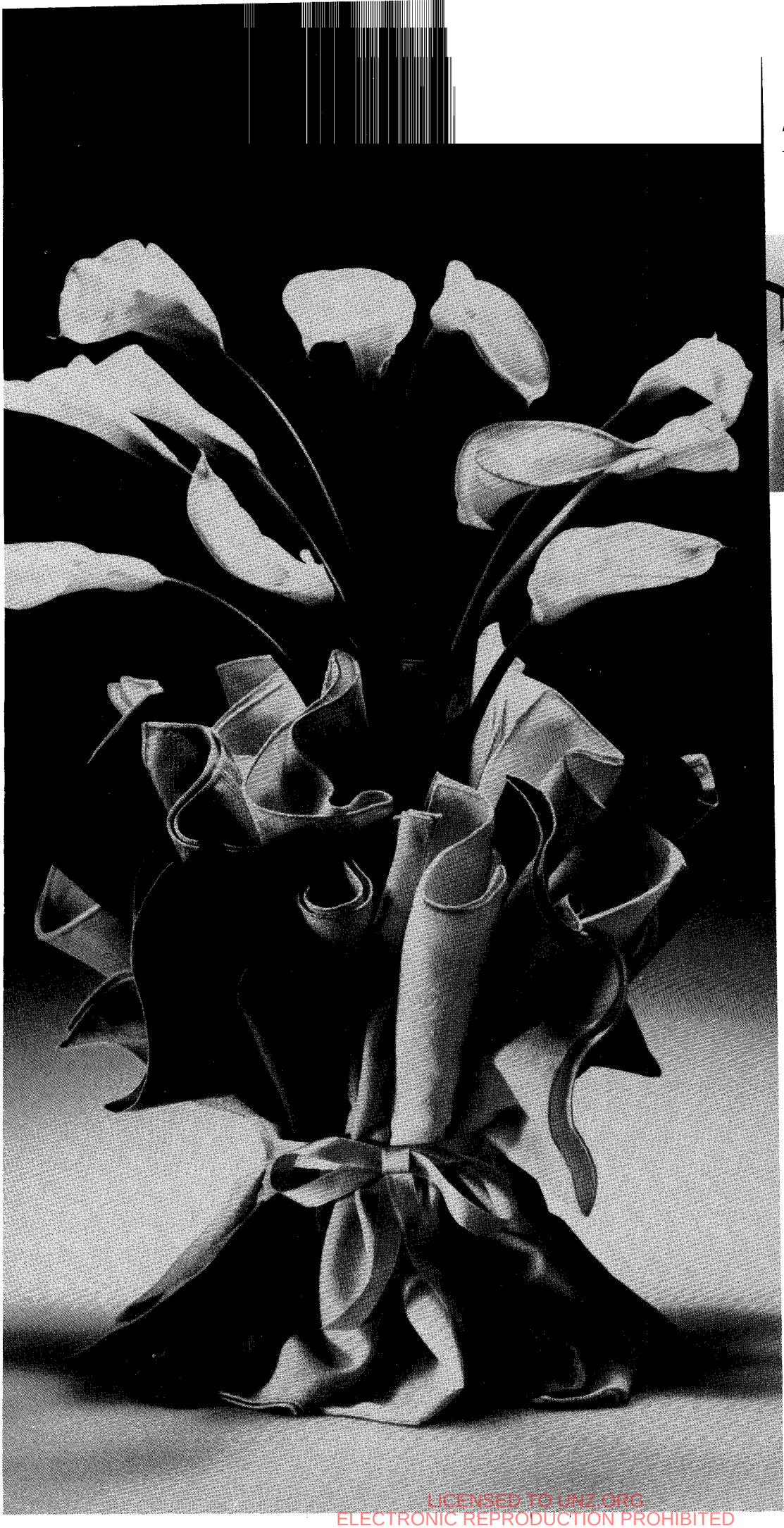

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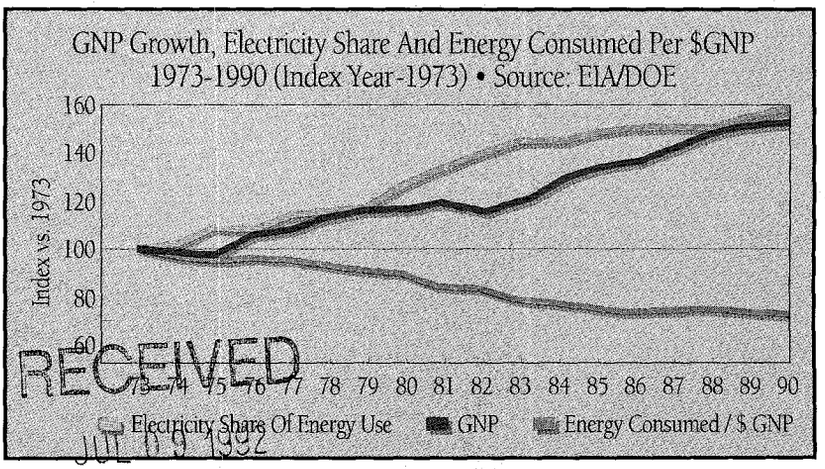
GNP Growth, Electricity Share And Energy Consumed Per $GNP
1973-1990 (Index Year-1973) • Source: EIA/DOE
Index vs. 1973
160
140
120
100
80
60
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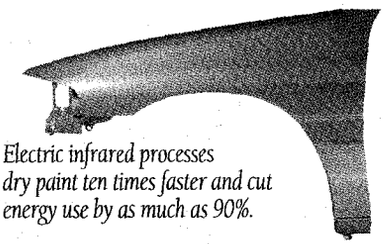

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